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THOMAS CARLYLE

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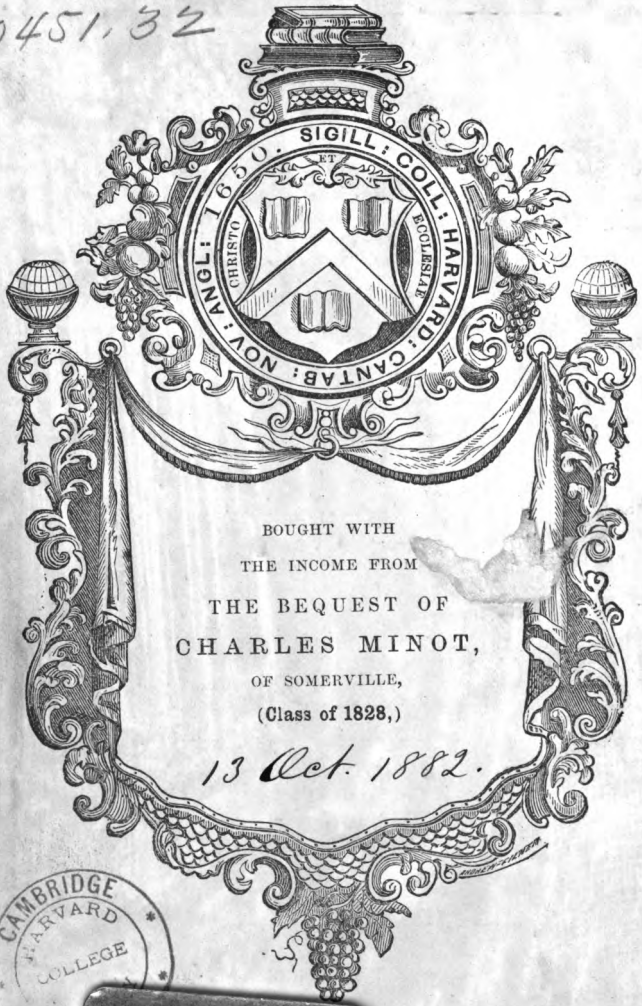

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APPLETONS' NEW HANDY-VOLUME SERIES.

THOMAS CARLYLE:

HIS LIFE—HIS BOOKS—
HIS THEORIES.

BY
ALFRED H. GUERNSEY.

NEW YORK:
D. APPLETON AND COMPANY,
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1881.

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THOMAS CARLYLE.

I.

PROEM.

"Could ambition always choose its own path, and were Will in human undertakings synonymous with Faculty, all truly ambitious men would be Men of Letters," says Carlyle, in his paper on Voltaire. To this path Carlyle was impelled from within and compelled from without. For this career he had every needed furtherance. He was, in the best sense of the word, well-born. His forefathers for many generations were Scottish farmers, tilling their own acres, stout of body, strong of mind, and devotedly attached to the Kirk. "I can trace," he says, "the father, the son, and the grandson; and the family type is quite distinct upon each of them."

Carlyle had every advantage of training to be obtained at the University of Edinburgh; in early

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manhood he had enough need for work to induce him to labor, and not enough to break him down. At thirty a happy marriage gave him a competence sufficient to enable him to pursue his chosen career without the necessity of doing task-work for his daily bread. His "Collected Works" comprise something more than thirty moderate volumes; his writings not included in this collection would fill two or three more. The earliest of them were written when he was twenty-five years of age, the latest when he was eighty; and we are told that now, when he has reached the age of fourscore and four, he has undertaken to write his Autobiography.

Besides being, as he styles himself, a "Writer of Books," he is the most notable "Talker" of the generation. "Never," says Mr. Milburn, the blind preacher, "had I any idea of what eloquent talk meant until I listened to Carlyle." Of his table-talk Mr. Milburn has given some examples, treasured up in a memory which, quickened by his infirmity of vision, enables him to reproduce word for word the whole of a long conversation or discourse. From the lips of the blind preacher we have written down many pages of this table-talk, some of which, mainly autobiographical, will be here given. The life of Carlyle, however, is his writings, and mainly from these we propose to endeavor to set forth what kind of work he has done, and what manner of man he came to be.

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THOMAS CARLYLE was born December 4, 1795, near the little village of Ecclefechan, in the district of Annandale, Dumfriesshire, Scotland. Of his father he once said to Milburn:

CARLYLE'S FATHER AND THEIR PASTOR.

"I think, of all the men I have ever known, my father was quite the remarkablest. Quite a farmer sort of person, using vigilant thrift and careful industry; abiding by veracity and faith, and with an extraordinary insight into the very heart of things and men. I can remember that from my childhood I was surprised at his using many words of which I knew not the meaning; and even as I grew to manhood I was not a little puzzled by them, and supposed that they must be of his own coinage. But later, in my black-letter reading, I discovered that every one of them I could recall was of the sound Saxon stock which had lain buried, yet fruitful withal, in the quick memory of the humbler sort of folk.

"He was an elder of the Kirk, and it was very pleasant to see him in his daily and weekly relations with the minister of the parish. They had been friends from youth. That parish minister was the first person that ever taught me Latin, and I am not sure but that he laid a very great curse upon me in so doing. I think it is likely I should have been a wiser man, and certainly a godlier one, if I had followed in my father's steps, and left Greek and Latin to the fools that wanted them.

"The last time I ever saw my father was on my journey from Craigenputtoch to London. I was on my way to this modern Babylon, with a manuscript in my hand,

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'Sartor Resartus' by name, which I wished to get into print. I came upon my fool's errand, and I saw my father no more, for I had not been in town many days when tidings came that he was dead. He had gone to bed at night as well as usual, it seemed; but they found in the morning that he had passed from the realm of Sleep to that of Day. It was a fit end for such a life as his had been. He was a man into the four corners of whose house there had shined through the years of his pilgrimage, by day and by night, the light of the glory of God. Like Enoch of old, he had walked with God; and at the last he was not, for God took him.

"If I could only see such men now as were my father and his minister—men of such fearless and simple faith, with such firmness in holding on to the things that they believed, in saying and doing only what they thought was right, in seeing and hating the thing that they felt to be wrong—I should have far more hope for this British nation, and indeed for the world at large."

And then he burst out into one of those strange diatribes so characteristic of the man, which have gained for him the title of the "Censor of the Age," but which sound odd enough when coming from so voluminous a writer and so persistent a talker:

TALKERS AND ORATORS.

"Alas! Sir, the days in which our lot is cast are sad and evil. All Virtue and Belief and Courage seem to have run to Tongue; and he is the wisest man, and the most valiant, who is greatest Talker. The world has transformed itself into a Parliament, an assemblage

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whose prime and almost only business is to talk, talk, talk, until the very heavens themselves must have become deaf with the ceaseless vociferation. Our British nation occupies a sad preëminence in this matter. Demagogy, blustering, vain-glorious, hollow, far-sounding, unmeaning Talk, seems to me to be its great distinction. On earth I think is not its fellow to be found, except, Sir, in your own demagogic and oratorical nation. I am certainly afraid that modern Popular Oratory will be the ruin of the race; and that the verdict of the jury that shall sit upon the corpse of our Civilization will be, 'Suicide by an over-dose of Oratory.'"

These talks, reproduced by Mr. Milburn, were held nearly twenty years ago, in summer evenings, when the two would be sitting together in the garden (or, as we should say, the yard) of his house in Chelsea, London. This is a piece of ground perhaps a hundred feet deep, with a grass-plot in the center, having a tree at each of its four corners. From these trees is suspended an awning, under which are a pine table and a few wooden chairs. Upon the table are a canister of tobacco and several common clay pipes, their long stems tipped with sealing-wax. Milburn was frequently invited to "tea at six o'clock" at Carlyle's. At their first interview, tea having been dispatched, Carlyle said to his American guest: "I hope, sir, that, unlike many of your countrymen, you sometimes indulge in the solace of a pipe?" Milburn acknowledged that such was his

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custom ; whereupon Carlyle led the way into the garden, and said, as he offered the pipe and tobacco :

HIGH TARIFFS AND SMUGGLING.

"People in moderate circumstances in this country can not afford to offer their friends a good cigar, and I suppose only what you would consider very middling tobacco. The Government finds it needful to have such a revenue that it must needs lay a tax of some hundreds per cent. upon the poor man's pipe, while the rich man's glass of wine pays scarcely one-tenth of this impost. But I learn that there is as much tobacco smuggled into England as pays the duty. Thus, as you see, it is as it ever will be when the laws are unjust and onerous; for the Smuggler is the Lord Almighty of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, saying to him, 'Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed.'"

After a long "flash of brilliant silence," occupied in pipe-devotion, Carlyle inquired, "You are a Wesleyan, Sir, I understand?' "I am ; or rather, as we are called in America, a Methodist."

METHODISM.

"I must tell you, Sir," said Carlyle, "that I have ceased to think as highly of that people as I used to do. It was formerly my fortune, whenever I went to service, to attend their chapels. We've a queer place in this country called the Derbyshire Peaks; and I was there some years ago for a part of the summer, and went on the Lord's day to the Wesleyan chapel; and a man got

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up and preached with extraordinary fluency and vehemence, and I was astonished at his eloquence. And they told me that he was a nail-maker; that he wrought six days in the week with his own hands for his daily bread, and preached upon the seventh without charge. And when he had ended, another man came forward and prayed; and I was greatly moved by the unction of his prayer. And they told me that he was a rope-maker, and that he toiled as the other.

"But the sum and end of all the fluency and vehemence of the sermon, and of all the fervor of the prayer, was: 'Lord, save us from hell!' and I went away musing, sick at heart, saying to myself: 'My good fellows, why all this bother and noise? If it be God's will, why not go and be damned in quiet, and say never a word about it? And I, for one, would think far better of you.' So it seemed to me that your Wesleyans made cowards; and I would have no more to do with their praying and their preaching."

In quite another vein was the next outburst. The conversation happened to turn upon the associations connected with that quarter of London; whereupon Carlyle said:

FRANKLIN'S SWIMMING-SCHOOL.

"Well, Sir, this part of the town, I think, should have an interest for people from your side of the water, for it has associations connected with a certain countryman of yours named Benjamin Franklin. When he was toiling as a journeyman printer in the metropolis, more than a century ago, he was accustomed to stroll upon the Sunday afternoon along the banks of Father Thames,

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and this end of this Cheyne Row was usually his goal. One day, as he walked discoursing with a friend, he declared himself able to swim from here to London Bridge, distant about five miles. His friend offered a wager that it was impossible; and he, upon the instant stripping, plunged boldly in, and started for his mark, while his friend, bearing the clothes, strode down the bank; and a great multitude of spectators, growing ever greater as he proceeded, followed to see the feat.

"He, with brave stroke and lusty sinew buffeting the tide, gained the bridge and the wager. Whereupon, amidst great acclamations, the people suggested that he should start a swimming-school. But God had other work for him to do: for in later years he was to teach the people of your continent how, by Frugality and Labor, and Patience and Courage, any man might buffet the waves of Fortune, and swim straight on to prosperity and success. And that was the swimming-school which he was to establish."

These "table-talks" which Milburn has reproduced took place in about 1860, when Carlyle had reached the age of three-score and five. A Scottish journalist, not many years before, gave a pen-and-ink picture of the outward aspect of the man, which we give, with much abridgment: "The long spare figure is before me, wiry too and elastic, stretched at careless ease in his elbow-chair, yet ever with strong natural motions and starts, as the inward spirit stirs. The face too is before me—long and thin, with a certain tinge of paleness, but no sickness or attenuation; pensive,

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almost solemn, yet open and cordial and tender. The eye, as generally happens, is the chief outward index of the soul—an eye not easy to describe, but *felt* even after one has looked thereon and therein. It is dark and full, shadowed over by a compact and prominent forehead. The expression is, so to speak, heavy-laden—as if betokening untold burdens of thought, and long fiery struggles resolutely endured—endured until they had been in some practical manner overcome. The whole form and expression remind one of Dante. It wants the classic element and the mature and matchless harmony which distinguish the countenance of the great Florentine. But something in the cast and the look, especially in the heavy-laden but dauntless eye, is very much alike. Thus does the presence of Thomas Carlyle rise before me."

Few faces are better known from engravings than that of Thomas Carlyle. Beginning from about 1834, when Count D'Orsay sketched his likeness making him look almost like a dandy, or when his portrait appeared among the contributors to "Fraser's Magazine," seated at a banquet given by Maginn, its clever punch-loving editor, down to our own day, when we see him shaggy and bowed by age and infirmity, a considerable gallery of Carlyle portraits might be collected from the illustrated newspapers. In late days until the weight of years pressed heavily upon him,

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his tall gaunt figure, in a long, brown, horn-buttoned coat, and broad-brimmed slouched felt hat, with a huge walking-stick in his hand, might often be seen in the quiet streets which surrounded his house in London, as late at night he took his meditative constitutional walk under the stars; for his days were given to hard and persistent work, and he was ever loath to be intruded upon. Travelers of a literary turn, especially from this side of the water, often pressed themselves upon him. These he was wont to receive courteously, although he once complained bitterly of a certain "blatherskite American who has taken away from me two mortal hours which I shall never get back to all eternity." His "Life of Frederick" was then upon his hands, and a man thus engaged could ill afford to lose two hours.

A residence of more than forty years in London has not modified the strong Scottish enunciation which Carlyle brought with him from his native Dumfriesshire. The vowels come out broad and full; the gutturals—which are so sadly clipped in modern English speech, depriving it of all masculine vigor—have their due prominence. His manner in talking is striking and peculiar; now bursting into Titanic laughter at some odd conceit; now swelling into fierce wrath at some meanness or wrong; now sinking into low tones of the tenderest pathos; but running through all is a rhythmic flow, a sustained recitative, like that

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in which we may imagine old Homer to have chanted his long-resounding hexameters. "Did you ever happen to see Louis Napoleon while he lived in London?" asked Milburn upon one occasion. To which Carlyle made answer in his most characteristic manner:

LOUIS NAPOLEON.

"Oh, yes, I chanced to meet him a few times at the houses of people who were accustomed to give dinners here; and I thought that there was even then something lurking in him of the blood of the old Napoleon, who was, as I read it, the great Highwayman of history; his habit being to clutch King or Kaiser by the throat, and swear by the Eternal, 'If you don't stand and deliver instantly, I'll blow your brains out.' A profitable trade he did at this sort of thing, until another man—Arthur Duke of Wellington by name—succeeded in clutching *him* and there was an end of him.

"This Louis Napoleon, as he is called, used to talk to me about the Spirit of the Age, the Democratic Spirit, and the Progress of the Species; but, for my own part, it seemed that the only Progress the Species was making was backward, and that the Spirit of the Age was leading the people downward; and we discovered that we didn't understand each other's language; that we had no key in common for our dialects. And we parted asunder—as mayhap did Abraham and Lot—each going his several ways. It looks to me very much as if *his* way led him to Sodom.

"After that, I used to see him in this neighborhood (I think he had lodgings in this part of the town), with his

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hands folded across his breast, and his eyes fixed with a melancholy stare upon the ground, and he looked to me like a poor opera-singer in search of an engagement. God knows he has succeeded in finding an engagement upon a stage sufficiently vast, before an audience ample enough for any man, and the whole thing got up regardless of expense. But I certainly expect that the day will come when the blue sulphurous flames will dart from behind the scenes and consume the pile with all that are in it; or that the edifice will give way in a crash of ruin, and the whole—singer, audience, and all—sink into the nethermost depths of uttermost perdition, where, it seems to me, they certainly belong."

This was spoken in about 1860, when to all human seeming the throne of the Third Napoleon was the firmest thing in the civil and political world, and he was esteemed the arbiter of the destinies of Europe; but Sedan, and all that was to follow, lay a brief half-score years in the future, prophetically, though dimly, discerned by Carlyle. Most likely not even Bismarck or Von Moltke at this time suspected how thin was the shell upon which was built the structure of the French empire, or what a very cardboard edifice was that seemingly so solid pile.

In 1834 Carlyle left Scotland and took up his residence in Chelsea, London. Two hundred years ago, as Macaulay tell us, "Chelsea was a quiet country village with about a thousand inhabitants"; but it has been gradually absorbed into, or rather surrounded by, the great metropolis. Yet,

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surrounded as it is by the ever-encroaching suburbs, it has an old-fashioned look about it. One who approaches Chelsea by way of the Thames can not fail to be struck by the antique appearance of a long terrace of houses overlooking the river and screened by a row of venerable trees. This is the "Cheyne Walk," so named after Lord Cheyne, who owned the manor house of Chelsea some two centuries ago. The houses of this row are mostly of dark-red brick, with heavy window-frames. No. 5 of this row is the house which for four-and-forty years has been the home of Carlyle. The style of the architecture indicates that it was built in the days of Queen Anne, about the beginning of the last century. In one of his later books Carlyle makes incidental mention of this house, by way of hit at the sham work of modern builders as contrasted with the sound honest work of the olden time. The wall at the head of his garden, he says, "is made of bricks burned in the reign of Henry the Eighth—well-nigh three centuries ago—and is still quite sound; whereas bricks of London manufacture, in our day, are used up in about sixty years." This wall, however, is no part of the house itself, but is a part of the boundary wall of the park or garden belonging to the old Chelsea manor house. Carlyle's house is of three stories, and rather narrow. A flight of three steps leads from the pavement to the modest parlor floor. The upper stories are

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Carlyle's workshop, into which few visitors have ever penetrated; but those few tell us of the great stores of books, pamphlets, and newspapers laid away and piled up in apparently inextricable confusion.

The neighbors of Carlyle, who seem to be altogether of the common sort of people, know next to nothing of the man. Still, one can pick up from them a few anecdotes and reminiscences of him. They tell how he kept his horse, which he always groomed himself, in a stable on a piece of waste ground, among donkeys, cows, and geese. How he has been seen to rush out upon an organ-grinder, who was disturbing his meditations, and, seizing him by the collar, deposit him and his instrument of torture upon the door-step of a neighbor who had made himself conspicuous by writing in favor of the noisy nuisance. How he bitterly complained of his neighbor's fowls, who would never hatch in peace, nor let him. How he one day found himself short of threepence to pay his omnibus fare, whereupon the suspicious conductor sent a boy home with him to make sure of not being bilked out of his lawful dues. And how the candy-woman, hard by his house, found him an excellent customer for her wares, with which he was wont to fill his capacious pockets for the benefit of the poor urchins whom he encountered in his walks.

Leigh Hunt, who was for a time his neighbor

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at Chelsea, and who had good reason to speak of Carlyle's kindness in pecuniary and other matters, thus writes of him in his Autobiography: "I believe that what he loves better than his fault-finding, with all its eloquence, is the face of any human creature that looks suffering, and loving, and sincere; and I believe, further, that if the fellow creature were suffering only, and neither loving nor sincere, but had come to a pass of agony in this life which put him at the mercies of some good man for some last help and consolation toward his grave, even at the risk of loss to repute, and a sure amount of pain and vexation, that man, if the groan reached him in its forlornness, would be Thomas Carlyle."

Having thus, by way of Proem, endeavored to set forth somewhat of the personality of the man, we propose to consider his successive works; for it is in these, after all, that the true Biography of Carlyle is written.

II.

APPRENTICESHIP AND JOURNEY-WORK.

At fourteen Carlyle, having studied at what we should call the academy or grammar school at Annan, entered the University of Edinburgh, where he remained seven or eight years. Edward

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Irving had been his schoolfellow at Annan, and the intimacy was renewed at Edinburgh. Upon leaving the University Irving was appointed master of the school at Kirkaldy, and he invited his friend to become his assistant. In one of his talks with Milburn, Carlyle thus speaks of Irving:

EDWARD IRVING.

"I had gone through the University of Edinburgh, and had been invited by an old friend to become associated with him in the conduct of a school at Kirkaldy. It was Edward Irving—my old friend Edward Irving. Together we talked, and wrought, and thought; together we strove by virtue of birch and book to initiate the urchins into what is called the rudiments of learning; until, at length, the hand of the Lord was laid upon him, and the voice of his God spake to him, saying, 'Arise, and get thee hence, for this is not thy rest.' And he arose and girded up his loins, and, putting the trumpet of the Almighty to his lips, he blew such a blast as that men started up with surprise, and said that the like of it had not been seen since the days of the Covenant itself.

"And from Scotland he came to this great Babel; and he stood up in the pulpit of the Hatton Garden Chapel, the eyes of him blazing and the herculean form of him erect. And the great and the learned, the high and the titled, the gifted and the beautiful, came round about him, and sat mute and spell-bound listening to his wonderful words. And they thought—for fools will ever think according to their folly, which is the law of their being—they thought that, because they were looking at him, he was looking at them. He was not look-

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ing at them at all. He was trying to do what no man can do and live—trying to see God face to face.

"I have heard that the eagle's eye suffers eclipse; that the curtain of darkness falls over the pupil of his eye by the steadfast gazing at the brightness of the sun. It was thus with my poor friend Irving. The fools said —let the fools have their own way; they know no better—the fools said that Irving was *daft*—that his head was turned with the popular applause. He was not *daft:* he was DAZED. The curtain of darkness fell over the pupil of the eagle's eye by too steadfast gazing at the sun. In blindness and loneliness he sobbed the great heart of him to sleep."

After two years Irving and Carlyle returned from Kirkaldy to Edinburgh: Irving to enter upon the ministry, to which he felt himself called of God; Carlyle to do he knew not what. He had been destined by his father and his father's minister to be himself a minister of the Kirk of Scotland; "but now," he says, "that I had gained the years of man's estate, I was not sure that I believed the doctrines of my father's Kirk, and it was needful that I should settle it." He settled it by determining that he could not become a minister. Forty years afterward he described the struggle through which he went. Milburn once said to him: "You seem to be the victim of dyspepsia—I had almost said a martyr. How does it come? Did you inherit it, or have you acquired it?" To which Carlyle made reply:

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MENTAL STRUGGLES AND DYSPEPSIA.

"I am sure I can hardly tell, Sir. I only know that for one or two or three and twenty years of my mortal existence I was not conscious of the ownership of that diabolical arrangement called a stomach. I had grown up the healthy and hardy son of a hardy and healthy Scotch dalesman; and he was the descendant of a long line of such: men that had tilled their paternal acres, and gained their threescore years and ten—or even mayhap, by reason of strength, their fourscore years—and had gone down to their graves, never a man of them the the wiser for the possession of this infernal apparatus.

"And the voice came to me, saying, 'Arise and settle the problem of thy life!' And so I entered into my chamber and closed the door, and around me there came a trooping throng of phantasms dire from the abysmal depths of nethermost perdition. Doubt, Fear, Unbelief, Mockery, and Scorn were there; and I arose and wrestled with them in travail and agony of spirit. Whether I ate I know not; whether I slept I know not; I only know that when I came forth again it was with the direful persuasion that I was the miserable owner of a diabolical arrangement called a stomach; and I have never been free from that knowledge from that hour to this, and I suppose that I never shall be until I am laid away in my grave."

Yet, notwithstanding the chronic ailment, Carlyle's fourscore and more years evince that he must be set down as upon the whole a healthy man. He was indeed compelled to enforce upon himself a careful but by no means a rigorous regi-

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men. He describes his habitual mode of life in London. To his account must, however, be added that in his capacity for tea he fairly rivals Sam Johnson, and in the matter of smoking would have been qualified for membership in old Frederick William's "Tobacco Parliament." He says: "I live with clear preference, when possible, on rustic farm produce: milk and meal, eggs, chickens, moor-mutton, white fish (salmon, veal, lamb, three things tabooed to me); reckon an innocent bread-pudding the very acme of culinary art; am accustomed to say, 'Can all the tides in nature, with all the king's treasure, make anything so good as good cream?' and, likewise, that 'the cow is the friend of man, and the French cook his enemy'; and not one day in ten drink beyond a single glass of wine."

Having closed upon himself the doors of the Kirk, he must choose some other profession. No professional career offering, he naturally betook himself to that of letters, at first with little encouragement. In 1819, Carlyle being twenty-four years of age, Irving wrote of him: "Carlyle is going away. It is very odd, indeed, that he should be sent for want of employment to the country. Of course, like every man of talent, he has gathered around this Patmos many a splendid purpose to be fulfilled and much improvement to be wrought out. He says: 'I have the ends of my thoughts to bring together, which no man can

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do in this thoughtless scene. I have my views of life to reform, and the whole plan of my conduct to remodel, withal I have my health to recover; and then once more I shall venture my bark upon the waters of this wide realm, and, if she can not weather it, I shall steer west, and try the waters of another world.' So he reasons and resolves, but, sure, a worthier destiny awaits him than voluntary exile."

And so it proved. By patiently putting his hand to whatever work it found to do, he kept his bark afloat in Scottish waters, and in five or six years gained a safe haven. Between 1820 and 1825 he prepared nearly a score of articles for the "Edinburgh Encyclopædia," among which are biographical sketches of Montaigne, Montesquieu, Necker, Nelson, and the two Pitts, and descriptions of Newfoundland, the Netherlands, and several counties of England. For the "New Edinburgh Review" he wrote critiques upon Joanna Baillie's "Metrical Legends" and Goethe's "Faust," none of which appear in his collected works. He translated Legendre's "Geometry and Trigonometry," to which he added notes and an introductory chapter on "Proportion," which De Morgan says is "a thoughtful and ingenious essay, as good a substitute for the 'Fifth book of Euclid' as could be given in the space." He translated Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister," and furnished to the "London Magazine" a series of papers

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which were afterward expanded into the "Life of Schiller."

He also was for a time private tutor to Charles Buller, a young man of fortune, who became one of the most promising statesmen of the day, and of whom Carlyle many years after wrote a graceful obituary. His last piece of task-work was a series of translations of tales from Goethe, Richter, Tieck, Musäus, and Hoffmann, of which only a portion appear in his collected works. Of these he says, "This book of translations was not of my suggestion or desiring, but of my executing as honest journey-work, in defect of better."

The "Life of Schiller" is the earliest of Carlyle's works with which we are familiar. We believe (although we are not quite sure) that the magazine papers were first collected into a volume in 1827 in America, under the editorial care of Charles Follen, who furnished a highly laudatory preface, and corrected some of the translations. The name of the author was not given. It must be borne in mind that fifty and odd years ago, when these papers first appeared, it was scarcely dreamed in England that such a thing as German literature existed. One might probably count up on his fingers every English man of letters who could read with any tolerable ease a page of Goethe, Schiller, or Wieland: and scarcely anything was known of their writings through translations. Carlyle says: "Coleridge's translation of

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'Wallenstein' is as a whole unknown to me; but judging from many large specimens, I should pronounce it, except Sotheby's 'Oberon,' to be the best, and indeed the only sufferable, translation from the German with which our literature has yet been enriched." Of Carlyle's poetical translations we can not speak in very high terms. Indeed, his poetical appreciation was by no means of a high order. There is much of truth in what Margaret Fuller wrote of him: "For the higher kind of poetry he has no sense, and his talk on that subject is delightfully and gorgeously absurd:"

Carlyle indeed admitted the "Life of Schiller" into his own collected edition of his works, but with a half protest, much as Macaulay did with his early paper on Milton. It is a respectable, but by no means a great work. It is chiefly noteworthy from the fact that its style bears no trace of the peculiarities which mark most of his subsequent writings. There is rarely any attempt to rise into eloquence or enthusiasm. The closing paragraph, however, is as noble as anything ever written by him. After speaking of the perpetual ill-health of Schiller, and the manifold other ills under which he labored all his life, the biography concludes:

SCHILLER'S CAREER.

"Yet, on the whole, we may pronounce him happy. His days passed in the contemplation of ideal grandeur,

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he lived among the glories and sublimities of universal nature: his thoughts were of sages and heroes, and scenes of Elysian beauty. It is true that he had no rest; but he enjoyed the fiery consciousness of his own activity, which stands in place of it for men like him. It is true that he was long sickly; but did he not even then conceive and body forth 'Max Piccolomini,' and 'Thekla,' and the 'Maid of Orleans,' and the scenes of 'William Tell'? It is true he died early; but the student will exclaim with Charles the Twelfth in another case, 'Was it not enough of life when he had conquered kingdoms?' These kingdoms which Schiller conquered were not for one nation at the expense of suffering for another; they were soiled by no patriot's blood, no widow's, no orphan's tears. They are kingdoms conquered from the barren realms of Darkness to increase the happiness, and dignity, and power of all men; new forms of Truth, new maxims of Wisdom, new images and scenes of Beauty, won from 'the void and formless Infinite'; a κτῆμα ἐς αἰεί, 'a possession for ever,' to all the generations of the earth."

In 1826 Carlyle married Jane Welch, the orphan and only child of an eminent physician, who brought with her a moderate fortune, which set him free from the necessity of further journey-work in literature. Their childless union lasted forty years, when she passed away. She had gone out for her accustomed drive in a London park. After a while the coachman, not having received any order to return, opened the carriage door and found her speechless and motionless. He drove to St. George's Hospital near by, but when he

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arrived she was dead—had been dead probably for some time. They buried her in the old cathedral church at her native Haddington, in the same grave where her father had been laid almost half a century before. For the tombstone Carlyle wrote this epitaph:

CARLYLE'S EPITAPH ON HIS WIFE.

"Here, likewise, now rests Jane Welch Carlyle, spouse of Thomas Carlyle, Chelsea, London. She was born at Haddington, 14th July, 1801; only child of the above John Welch and of Grace Welch, Caplegell, Dumfriesshire, his wife. In her bright existence she had more sorrows than are common, but also a soft invincibility, a capacity of discernment, and a noble loyalty of heart, which are rare. For forty years she was the true and loving helpmate of her husband, and by act and word unwearily forwarded him as none else could in all of worthy that he did or attempted. She died at London, 21st April, 1866, suddenly snatched away from him, and the light of his life as if gone out."

We are not aware that Mrs. Carlyle ever published anything; but at the time of her death she was engaged upon a novel, from which much was expected by those who knew her capacities. Dickens, writing to John Forster, says: "Her sudden death was a terrible shock to me, and poor Carlyle has been in my mind ever since. How often have I thought of the unfinished novel: no one now to finish it! None of the writing women come near to her at all." To which Forster, in his "Life of

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Dickens," adds: "No one could doubt this who had come within the fascinating influence of that sweet and noble nature. With the highest gifts of intellect, and the charm of a most varied knowledge of men and things, there was something beyond. No one who knew Mrs. Carlyle could replace her loss when she passed away." She was the subject of poor Leigh Hunt's pretty poem, "Jenny Kissed Me!" Hunt had one day come to the Carlyles, bearing tidings of some rare good fortune which had just happened to them; whereat "Jenny" sprang from her chair, threw her arms about his neck, and gave him a cordial congratulatory kiss: whence the poem.

III.

AT CRAIGENPUTTOCH.

Soon after their marriage, Carlyle and his wife went to Germany, where they remained a considerable time, and became intimate with Goethe, who subsequently addressed several graceful little poems to Mrs. Carlyle. Returning to Scotland, they took up their residence, in 1828, at Craigenputtoch, a small estate belonging to her, fifteen miles from Dumfries, among the granite hills and black morasses which stretch westward

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through Galloway almost to the Irish Sea. Writing to Goethe soon after, Carlyle thus describes their way of life:

LIFE AT CRAIGENPUTTOCH.

"In this wilderness of heath and rock our estate stands forth a green oasis, a track of plowed, partly inclosed, and planted ground, where corn ripens and trees afford a shade, although surrounded by sea-mews and rough-wooled sheep. Here, with no small effort, have we built and furnished a neat and substantial dwelling; here, in the absence of professional or other office, we live to cultivate literature according to our strength, and in our own peculiar way. We wish a joyful growth to the roses and flowers of our garden; we hope for health and peaceful thoughts to further our aims. This nook of ours is the loneliest in Britain, six miles removed from any one who would be likely to visit me. But I came hither solely with the design to simplify my way of life, and to secure the independence through which I could be enabled to remain true to myself. Nor is the solitude of such great importance, for a stage-coach takes us speedily to Edinburgh. And have I not, too, at this moment piled up upon the table of my little library a whole cart-load of French, German, American, and English journals and periodicals—whatever may be their worth?"

The six years (1828—1833) which Carlyle passed in this quiet retreat were among the most important of his life. Here were written the greater part, and certainly the best, of his critical and biographical essays. Among them are those

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on Richter, Werner, Heine, Goethe, Novalis, Voltaire, Diderot, Burns, and Johnson; the papers on "The Nibelungenlied," "Early German Literature," "German Poetry" and "Biography," and the notable essays, "Signs of the Times" and "Characteristics," which contain the germs of his social and ethical philosophy. Here, also, running through a considerable part of the six years, was written "Sartor Resartus," of which we shall have more to say hereafter. From these "Miscellanies" we quote a few passages, taken almost at random, which may be regarded as characteristic of his way of thought and expression, prefixing to them titles of our own:

DEMIGODS AND MEN.

"Moral reflection *first:* That in these centuries men are not born demigods and perfect characters, but imperfect ones, and mere blamable men; men, namely, environed with such short-coming and confusion of their own, and then with such adscititious scandal and misjudgment (got into the work they did), that they resemble less demigods than a sort of god-devils—very imperfect characters indeed. The demigod arrangement were the one which, at first sight, this reviewer might be inclined to prefer.

"Moral reflection *second*, however: That probably men were never born demigods in any century, but precisely god-devils as we see; certain of whom do become a kind of demigods! How many are the men, not censured, misjudged, calumniated only, but tortured, crucified, hung on gibbets—not as god-devils even, but as

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devils proper; who have nevertheless grown to seem respectable, or infinitely respectable! For the thing which was *not* they, which was not anything, has fallen away piecemeal, and become avowedly babble and confused shadow, and no-thing; the thing which was they remains. Depend on it, Harmodius and Aristogiton, as clear as they now look, had illegal plottings, conclaves of the Jacobins' Church at Athens; and very intemperate things were spoken, and also done. Thus, too, Marcus Brutus and the elder Junius, are they not palpable Heroes? Their praise is in all Debating Societies; but didst thou read what the Morning Papers said of those transactions of theirs, the week after? Nay, Old Noll, whose bones were dug up and hung in chains here at home, as the just emblem of himself and his deserts, the offal of creation at that time,—has he not got to be a very respectable grim bronze-figure, though it is yet only a century and a half since; of whom England seems proud rather than otherwise?"

THE FOOLISHEST MAN.

"No known Head so wooden, but there might be other heads to which it were a genius and a Friar Bacon's Oracle. For, observe, though there is *a* greatest Fool, as a superlative in every kind; and *the* most foolish man in the earth is now indubitably living and breathing, and did this morning or lately eat breakfast, and is even now digesting the same; and looks out on the world with his dim horn-eyes, and inwardly forms some unspeakable theory thereof; yet where shall the authentically Existing be personally met with? Can one of us, otherwise than by guess, know that we have got sight of him, have orally communed with him? No one. Deep as we

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dive in the Profound, there is ever a new depth opened: where the ultimate bottom may lie, through what new scenes of being we must pass before reaching it (except that we know it must lie somewhere, and might by human faculty and opportunity be reached), is altogether a mystery to us. Strange tantalizing pursuit! We have the fullest assurance, not only that there is a Stupidest of London men actually resident, with bed and board of some kind in London; but that several persons have been, or perhaps are now speaking face to face with him: while for us, chase it as we may, such scientific blessedness will too probably be for ever denied."

RIDICULE.

"There are things in this world to be laughed at, as well as things to be admired; and it is no complete mind that can not give to each sort its due. Nevertheless, contempt is a dangerous element to sport in; a deadly one if we habitually live in it. How indeed, to take the lowest view of this matter, shall a man accomplish great enterprises,—enduring all toil, resisting temptation, laying aside every weight,—unless he zealously loves what he pursues? The faculty of Love, of Admiration, is to be regarded as the sign and the measure of high souls: unwisely directed, it leads to many evils; but without it there can not be any good. Ridicule, on the other hand, is indeed a faculty much prized by its possessors; yet, intrinsically, it is a small faculty; we may say the smallest of all faculties that other men are at the pains to repay with any esteem. It is directly opposed to Thought, to Knowledge, properly so called; its nourishment and essence is Denial, which hovers only on the surface, while Knowledge dwells far below. Moreover, it is by nature

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selfish and morally trivial; it cherishes nothing but our Vanity, which may in general be left safely enough to shift for itself. Little 'discourse of reason,' in any sense, is implied in Ridicule: a scoffing man is in no lofty mood for the time; shows more of the imp than the angel."

Noble words these. Contempt is in verity "a dangerous element to sport in; a deadly one, if we habitually live in it." And, as we shall have occasion sorrowfully to show, Carlyle has in his writings much more than sported in it, and for no inconsiderable period of his career has lived in it. But those periods are yet far off in the future. We shall come to them all too soon.

Of the manner and spirit in which history and biography should be written, Carlyle had a clear and distinct conviction, which he has clearly and distinctly enunciated over and over again. Thus:

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

"It is not speaking with exaggeration, but with strict measured sobriety, to say that Boswell's 'Life of Johnson' will give us more real insight into the History of England during those days then twenty other Books, falsely entitled 'Histories,' which take to themselves that special aim. What good is it to me though innumerable Smolletts and Belshams keep dinning in my ears that a man named George the Third was born and bred up, and a man named George the Second died; that Walpole and the Pelhams, and Chatham and Rockingham, and Shelburne and North, with their Coalition or

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their Separation Ministries, all ousted one another, and vehemently scrambled for the thing they called the Rudder of Government, but which was in reality the Spigot of Taxation? That debates were held, and infinite jarring and jargoning took place; and Road-bills and Enclosure-bills, and Laws which no man can number, which happily few men needed to trouble their heads with beyond the passing moment, were enacted and printed by the King's Stationer? That he who sat in Chancery and rayed out speculation from the Woolsack, was now a man that squinted, now a man that did not squint?

"To the hungry and thirsty mind all this avails next to nothing. These men and these things, we indeed know did swim, by strength or by specific levity, as apples or as horse-dung, on the top of the current; but is it by painfully noting the courses, eddyings and bobbyings hither and thither of such drift-articles, that you will unfold to me the nature of the current itself; of the mighty-rolling, loud-roaring Life-current, bottomless as the foundations of the Universe, mysterious as its Author? The thing I want to see is not Redbook Lists and Court Calendars and Parliamentary Registers, but the *Life of Man* in England: what men did, thought, suffered, enjoyed; the form, especially the spirit, of their terrestrial existence, its outward enjoyment, its inward principle; *how* and *what* it was, *whence* it proceeded, and *whither* it was tending."

The article on "Boswell's Johnson," from which the two foregoing and the following extracts have been taken, was written in 1832, when men had no Macaulay or Motley or Froude; no

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Carlyle as a historian. For English history there was nothing better than Hume and Lingard—not altogether bad in their way. Carlyle even then hints at least at something better:

HOW HISTORY IS WRITTEN.

"Mournful it is to behold what the business called 'History,' in these so enlightened and illuminated times, still continues to be. Can you gather from it, read till your eyes go out, any dimmest shadow to an answer to this great question: How men lived and had their being, were it but economically, as, what wages they got, and what they bought with these? At the point where living memory fails, it is all darkness. Mr. Senior and Mr. Sadler must still debate this simplest of all elements in the condition of the past: Were men better off in their mere larders and pantries, or were they worse off than now? History, as it stands, is but a shade more instructive than the wooden volumes of a backgammon-board. How my Prime Minister was appointed is of less moment to me than how my House Servant was hired. In these days, ten ordinary 'Histories' were well exchanged against the tenth part of one good History of Booksellers.

"For example, I would know the History of Scotland: Who can tell it to me? 'Robertson,' say innumerable voices; 'Robertson against the world!' I open Robertson; and find there, through long ages too confused for narrative, and fit only to be presented in the way of epitome and distilled essence, a cunning answer and hypothesis, not to this question: 'By whom, and by what means, and when was this fair broad Scotland, with its Arts and Manufactures, Temples, Schools, Institutions,

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Poetry, Spirit, National Character, created, and made arable, verdant, peculiar, great, here, as I can see some fair section of it lying, kind and strong (like some Bacchus-tamed lion), from the Castle hill of Edinburgh?' —but to this other question: 'How did the King keep himself alive in those old days; and restrain so many Butcher-Barons and ravenous Henchmen from utterly extirpating one another, so that killing went on in some sort of moderation?'"

Here we have something of a feature of Carlyle's mode of thought of which more will have to be said hereafter: a perpetual habit of considering the one thing which he at the moment chanced to be looking at or for, as the one only important thing to be looked for or at. It is indeed well worth knowing how Scotland got itself tilled and more or less civilized; but it is also quite worthy of finding out by what means it was secured that "killing went on in some sort of moderation," so that, in the long run, a few more Scotch souls were born into the world than went out of it, by natural means or otherwise. Carlyle, notably in his "French Revolution" and "Chartism," has given us some fine examples of the manner in which the history of long ages, "too confused for narrative," may be "presented in the way of epitome and distilled essence." But here he proceeds to touch upon a turning-point in Scottish history:

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THE REFORMATION IN SCOTLAND.

"At length, however, we come to a luminous age, interesting enough; to the age of the Reformation. All Scotland is awakened to a second higher life; the Spirit of the Highest stirs in every bosom; Scotland is convulsed, fermenting, struggling to body itself forth anew. To the herdsmen, among his cattle in remote woods; to the craftsman, in his rude heath-thatched workshop, among his rude guild-brethren; to the great and to the little, a new light has arisen; in town and hamlet groups are gathered, with eloquent look, and governed or ungovernable tongues; the great and the little go forth together to do battle for the Lord against the mighty.

"We ask, with breathless eagerness: 'How was it; how went it on? Let us understand it, let us see and know it!' In reply, is handed us a really graceful and most dainty little Scandalous Chronicle (as for some Journal of Fashion) of two persons: Mary Stuart, a Beauty, but over-lightheaded; and Henry Darnley, a booby who had fine legs. How these first courted, billed, and cooed, according to nature; then pouted, fretted, grew utterly enraged, and blew one another up with gunpowder: this, and not the History of Scotland, is what we good-naturedly read. Nay, by other hands, something like a horseload of other books have been written to prove that it *was* the Beauty who blew up the Booby, and that it was not she. Who or what it was, the thing once for all *being* effectually done, concerns us little. To know Scotland, at that epoch, were a valuable increase of knowledge: to know poor Darnley, and see him, with burning candle, from centre to skin were no increase of knowledge at all. Thus is History written."

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Now, there can be no doubt that a more contemptible booby never lived than this fine-legged Henry Darnley, though he had in his veins scarcely a drop of blood other than that of the Plantagenets and Tudors and Stuarts; but we hold that if we could really come to know this booby "from centre to skin," it would be a quite valuable increase to our stores of knowledge. And as for Mary Stuart, no woman ever lived whose life is better worth the writing or the reading. The man who shall write it fairly will hardly ask more time on the part of his readers than Carlyle asks to let them know how Joseph Balsamo, genuine "Prince of Scoundrels," and self-dubbed "Count Cagliostro," traveled in state with his demirep "Countess" through Europe, filling his purse by the sale of elixirs to restore vigor to worn-out debauchees of both sexes; or how a dubious Madame Lamotte gulled a disreputable Cardinal de Rohan out of the famous Diamond Necklace. One may fairly ask of what use to any man of the nineteenth century is it to know that a century before his time four such disreputable persons actually trod this planet? To which we reply, that the knowledge of nothing which concerns human beings is absolutely worthless; and we are not altogether without a touch of gratitude to Mr. Carlyle for telling us something which we should not otherwise have been likely to know about Cagliostro and Lamotte.

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Of the "Miscellanies" of Carlyle, the best are undoubtedly the more strictly biographical essays; and of these the best—the best of the sort, we think, in our language—is that upon Robert Burns. Almost at the outset of this essay, Carlyle lays down the principle upon which the biography of any one whose life is really worth the reading should be written:

THE IDEAL OF A BIOGRAPHY.

"Our notions upon this subject may perhaps appear extravagant; but if an individual is really of consequence enough to have his life and character recorded for public remembrance, we have always been of opinion that the public ought to be made acquainted with all the inward springs and relations of his character. How did the world and the man's life, from his particular position, represent themselves to his mind? How did coexisting circumstances modify him from without; how did he modify these from within? With what endeavor and what efficacy did he rule over them; with what resistance and what suffering sink under them? In one word, what and how produced was the effect of society on him; what and how produced was his effect on society? He who should answer these questions in regard to any individual, would, as we believe, furnish a model of perfection in Biography."

As pregnant of thought, and as well worthy of consideration as anything which Carlyle—or, for the matter of that, as any other man—has ever written, is the following:

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JUDGING OF GREAT MEN.

"The world is habitually unjust in its judgments of such men; unjust on many grounds, of which this one may be stated as the substance: It decides, like a court of law, by dead statutes; and not positively but negatively; less on what is done right, than on what is or is not done wrong. Not the few inches of deflection from the mathematical orbit, which are so easily measured, but the *ratio* of these to the whole diameter, constitutes the real aberration. This orbit may be a planet's, its diameter the breadth of the solar system; or it may be a city hippodrome, nay even the circle of a gin-horse, its diameter a score of feet or paces. But the inches of deflection only are measured; and it is assumed that the diameter of the gin-horse and that of the planet will yield the same ratio when compared with them. Here lies the root of many a blind, cruel condemnation of Burnses, Swifts, Rousseaus, which one never listens to with approval. Granted, the ship comes into harbor with shrouds and tackles damaged; the pilot is blameworthy; he has not been all-wise and all-powerful; but to know how blameworthy, tell us first whether his voyage has been round the Globe, or only to Ramsgate and the Isle of Dogs."

This idea is amplified and illustrated in a thoughtful passage in his "Heroes and Hero-Worship:"

IMPERFECTIONS AND FAULTS.

"On the whole, we make too much of faults. Faults? The greatest of faults, I should say, is to be conscious of none. Readers of the Bible above all, one would think, might know better. Who is called there 'the man ac-

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cording to God's own heart?' David, the Hebrew King, had fallen into sins enough; blackest crimes; there was no want of sins. And therefore the unbelievers sneer and ask, 'Is this your man according to God's own heart?' The sneer, I must say, seems to me but a shallow one.

"What are faults, what are the outward details of a life, if the inner secret of it, the remorse, temptations, true, often-baffled, never-ending struggle of it be forgotten?—'It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps.' Of all acts, is not, for a man, *repentance* the most divine? The deadliest sin, I say, were that same supercilious consciousness of no sin; that is death; the heart so conscious is divorced from sincerity, humility, and fact, is dead; it is 'pure' as dead dry sand is pure.

"David's life and history, as written for us in those Psalms of his, I consider to be the truest emblem ever given of a man's moral progress and warfare here below. All earnest men will ever discern in it the faithful struggle of an earnest human soul toward what is good and best. Struggle often baffled, sore baffled, down as into entire wreck; yet a struggle never ended; ever, with tears, repentance, true unconquerable purpose, begun anew. Poor human nature! Is not a man's walking, in truth, always that: 'a succession of falls?' Man can do no other. In this wild element of Life, he has to struggle onward; now fallen, deep abased; and ever with tears, repentance, with bleeding heart, he has to rise again, struggle again still onward. That his struggle *be* a faithful, unconquerable one: that is the question of questions. We will put up with many sad details, if the soul of it were true. Details by themselves will never teach us what it is."

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In the summer of 1833 Carlyle received a visit from Ralph Waldo Emerson, who some years later published an account of this visit, which we abridge:

"I came from Glasgow to Dumfries, and, being intent on delivering a letter which I had brought from Rome, inquired for Craigenputtoch. It was a farm in the parish of Dunscore, fifteen miles distant. I found the house amid desolate, heathery hills, where the lonely scholar nourished his mighty heart. He was tall and gaunt, with a cliff-like brow, self-possessed, and holding his extraordinary powers of conversation in easy command; clinging to his northern accent with evident relish; full of lively anecdote, and with a streaming humor which floated everything he looked upon. Few were the objects, and lonely the man, 'not a person to speak to within fifteen miles, except the minister of Dunscore;' so that books inevitably made his topics. He took despairing or satirical views of literature at this moment; recounted the incredible sums paid in one year by the great booksellers for puffing; hence it comes that no newspaper is trusted now, no books are bought, and the booksellers are on the verge of bankruptcy.

"He still returned to English pauperism, the crowded country, the selfish abnegation by public men of all that public persons should perform. 'Government should direct poor men what to do. Poor Irish folk come wandering over these moors. My dame makes it a rule to give to every son of Adam bread to eat, and supplies his wants to the next house; but here are thousands of acres which might give them all meat, and nobody to bid these poor Irish go to the moor and till it.'

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"He was already turning his eyes toward London with a scholar's appreciation. 'London is the heart of the world,' he said, 'wonderful only for the mass of human beings. I like the huge machine. Each keeps his own round; the baker's boy brings muffins to the window at a fixed hour every day, and that is all the Londoner knows, or wishes to know, on the subject; but it turns out good men.'"

IV.

"SARTOR RESARTUS."

In 1834 Carlyle, as we have seen, took up his permanent residence in London. This was not the first time that he had gone up to the metropolis. Three years before, he says, "I had gone up to this modern Babylon with a manuscript in my hand, 'Sartor Resartus' by name. I was bound thither to see if there was any chance to have it translated into print." The manuscript was offered to bookseller after bookseller, each of whom, as the custom is, submitted it to the judgment of his confidential "Reader." Long afterward, when he had come to be famous, Carlyle prefixed to an edition of this work the answer of one of these booksellers, who wrote: "Allow me to say that such a writer requires only a little more tact to produce a popular as well as an able work. I sent your manuscript to a gentleman in

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the highest class of men of letters, and an accomplished German scholar. I now inclose you his opinion, which, you may rely upon it, is a correct one; and I have too high an opinion of your good sense to," etc. The reader's opinion ran thus: "The author of 'Teufelsdröckh' is a person of talent. His work displays, here and there, some felicity of thought and expression, considerable fancy and knowledge; but whether it would take with the public seems doubtful. For a *jeu d'esprit* of that sort it is too long; it would have suited better as an essay or article than as a volume. The author has no great tact; his wit is frequently heavy, and reminds one of the German baron who took to leaping on tables, and answered that he was learning to be lively. Is the work a translation?"

Although Carlyle had already established his reputation by more than a score of able papers in the leading reviews, he could find no one who would venture to publish it in book form; and it was not until two years afterward that he could even get it published piecemeal, month by month, in "Fraser's Magazine." Whatever little of remark it occasioned in England was of the most unfavorable kind. One newspaper critic pronounced it "a mass of clotted nonsense, mixed, however, here and there, with passages marked by thought and striking poetic vigor;" and he proceeds to quote a sentence which he says "may

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be read either backward or forward, for it is equally intelligible either way. Indeed, by beginning at the tail, and so working up to the head, we think the reader will stand the fairest chance of getting at its meaning." We suspect, indeed, that the work was ended earlier than the author intended; for it certainly comes to an abrupt conclusion in a "farewell," from the tone of which it may be inferred that not only the readers but the editor of "Fraser" had grown tired of it:

EXIT TEUFELSDRÖCKH.

"Here, however," says Carlyle, speaking in the character of the editor of the miscellaneous papers of Herr Teufelsdröckh, "can the present Editor, with an ambrosial joy as of over-weariness falling into sleep, lay down his pen. Well does he know, if human testimony be worth aught, that to innumerable British readers likewise, this is a satisfying consummation; that innumerable British readers consider him during these current months but as an uneasy interruption to their ways of thought and digestion; and indicate so much, not without a certain irritancy and even spoken invective. For which, as for other mercies, ought he not to thank the Upper Powers? To one and all of you, O irritated readers, he, with outstretched arms and open heart, will wave a kind farewell. Thou too, miraculous Entity, who namest thyself YORKE and OLIVER, and with thy vivacities and genialities, with thy all too Irish mirth and madness, and odor of palled punch, makest such strange work, farewell; long as thou canst, fare-*well!*

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Have we not, in the course of Eternity, traveled some months of our Life-journey in partial sight of one another; have we not existed together, though in a state of quarrel?"

The scattered papers were after some time brought together by Mr. Emerson, and published at Boston, with a preface almost apologetic in its tone. The editors did not expect for the little work any immediate popularity. "They would not undertake, as there was no need, to justify the gay costume in which the author delights to dress his thoughts, or the German idioms with which he has sportively sprinkled his pages. It is his humor to advance the gravest speculations in a quaint and burlesque style. If his masquerade offend any of his audience to that degree that they will not hear what he has to say, it may chance to draw others to listen to his wisdom. But we will venture to remark that the distaste excited by these peculiarities, in some readers, is greatest at first, and is soon forgotten. The author makes ample amends for the occasional eccentricity of his genius, not only by frequent bursts of pure splendor, but by the wit and sense which never fail him."

Mr. Alexander H. Everett, in the "North American Review," gravely undertook to argue the question whether "Sartor Resartus" was in fact, as it purported to be, a review and synopsis of a German book. The critic had traveled in

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Germany, and had consulted all manner of maps, but could not learn that there was any such place as Weissnichtwo; there was certainly no such place the seat of a university. As for the work on the "Philosophy of Clothes," which was reported to have excited so much attention abroad, he could not find any mention of it in any critical journal of Germany. He plumes himself upon the discovery that Weissnichtwo and its University, Professor Teufelsdröckh and his Book, were all a sham. The style of "Sartor Resartus" "was a sort of Babylonish dialect, not deficient, it is true, in richness, vigor, and at times a sort of singular felicity of expression, but very strongly tinged throughout with the peculiar idioms of the German language."

Whatever else may be said of the work, there is nothing gay or sportive about it. It has enough of biting sarcasm and trenchant humor, but it is as serious and earnest as "The Pilgrim's Progress," "the Burdens" of Isaiah, or the "Word of the Lord which came to Jeremiah." Indeed, as to matter and manner, we think Carlyle resembles the prophet Jeremiah more than he does any German writer.

"Sartor Resartus" ("The Tailor tailored over") is in form "The Life and Opinions of Godborn Devilsdung" (*Diogenes Teufelsdröckh*, the vulgar name for the malodorous, antispasmodic drug *asafœtida*, "stinking gum"), who was left

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by a stranger at the door of Andreas Futteral (*Fodderbag*) in the village of Entepfuhl (*Duck-puddle*). He was kindly cared for, educated at the school in Hinterschlag (*Spanking*), and at the university of Weissnichtwo (*Don'tknowwhere*), where he came to be professor, without, however, having any pupils, of Hodge-podge Philosophy (*Allerlei Wissenschaft*). These strange proper names are no more burlesque than Bunyan's "City of Destruction" or "Vanity Fair," "Mr. Facing-both-ways" or "Lord Hategood."

The philosophy of the imaginary Professor Teufelsdröckh's imaginary book on "Clothes" is in brief, that all forms, habits, and institutions, which man has fashioned, are but the garments in which he has from time to time arrayed himself for his own decoration, comfort, or protection; that these garments, like all other of man's works, grow old, decay, become useless, and, in spite of all patching and retailoring, must sooner or later be thrown away, and be replaced by new ones; and that many of the garments which the men of our days are wearing have wellnigh reached the last stage of dilapidation. From this pregnant text are preached discourses upon the loftiest topics of human thought—such, for instance, as the following:

ON MIRACLES.

"Deep has been, and is, the significance of Miracles; far deeper than we imagine. Meanwhile, the question

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of questions were: What specially is a miracle? To that King of Siam an icicle had been a miracle; whoso had carried with him an air-pump and vial of vitriolic ether, might have worked a miracle. To my horse again, who unhappily is still more unscientific, do I not work a miracle and magical *Open sesame!* every time I please to pay twopence, and open for him an impassable *Schlagbaum*, or shut Turnpike?

"'But is not a real Miracle simply a violation of the Laws of Nature?' ask several. Whom I answer by this new question: 'What are the Laws of Nature?' To me perhaps the raising of one from the dead were no violation of these Laws, but a confirmation; were some far deeper law now first penetrated into, and by Spiritual Force, even as the rest have all been, brought to bear on us with its Material Force. Here too some may inquire, not without astonishment, 'On what ground shall one, that can make Iron swim, come and declare that therefore he can teach Religion?' To us, truly of the Nineteenth Century, such declaration were inept enough; which nevertheless to our fathers, of the First Century, was full of meaning.

"'But is it not the deepest Law of Nature that she be constant?' cries an illuminated class. 'Is not the Machine of the Universe fixed to move by unalterable rules?' Probable enough, good friends: nay, I too must believe that the God, whom ancient inspired men assert to be 'without variableness or shadow of turning,' does indeed never change; that Nature, that the Universe, which no one who pleases can be prevented from calling a Machine, does move by the most unalterable rules. And now of you too I make the old inquiry: 'What those same unalterable rules, form-

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ing the complete Statute-Book of Nature, may possibly be.'

"'They stand written in our Works of Science,' say you, 'in the accumulated records of man's Experience.' —Was man with his Experience present at the Creation, then, to see how all went on? Have any deepest scientific individuals yet dived down to the foundations of the Universe, and gauged everything there? Did the Maker take them into His counsel; that they read His ground-plan of the incomprehensible All; and can say, 'This stands marked therein, and no more than this?'— Alas! not in any wise. These scientific individuals have been nowhere but where we also are; have seen some handbreadths deeper than we see into the Deep that is infinite, without bottom as without shore.

ON THE SYSTEM OF NATURE.

"System of Nature! To the wisest man, wide as is his vision, Nature remains of quite *infinite* depth, of quite infinite expansion, and all experience thereof limits itself to some few computed centuries, and measured square miles. The course of Nature's phases, on this little fraction of a Planet, is partially known to us: but who knows what deeper causes these depend on; what infinitely larger Cycle (of causes) our little Epicycle revolves on? To the Minnow every little cranny and pebble, and quality, and accident of its native Creek may have become familiar; but does the Minnow understand the Ocean Tides and Periodic Currents, the Trade-winds and Monsoons and Moon's Eclipses; by which the condition of its little Creek is regulated, and may from time to time (*un*miraculously enough) be quite overset and reversed?—Such a Minnow is Man; his Creek this Plan-

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et Earth; his Ocean the immeasurable All; his Monsoons and periodic Currents the mysterious Course of Providence through Æons of Æons.

"We speak of the Volume of Nature: and truly a volume it is,—whose Author and Writer is God. To read it! Dost thou, does man, so much as well know the Alphabet thereof? With its Words, Sentences, and grand descriptive Pages, poetical and philosophical, spread out through Solar Systems and Thousands of Years, we shall not try thee. It is a Volume written in celestial hieroglyphics, in the true Sacred-writing; of which even Prophets are happy that they can read here a line and there a line."

ON CUSTOM.

"Custom doth make dotards of us all. Consider well, thou wilt find that Custom is the greatest of Weavers, and weaves airy raiment for all the Spirits of the Universe; whereby indeed these dwell with us visibly as ministering servants, in our houses and workshops; but their spiritual nature becomes, to the most, for ever hidden. Philosophy complains that Custom has hoodwinked us, from the first; that we do everything by Custom, even believe by it; that our very Axioms, let us boast of Free-thinking as we may, are oftenest simply such Beliefs as we have never heard questioned.

"Innumerable are the illusions and legerdemain tricks of Custom: but of all these perhaps the cleverest is her knack of persuading us that the Miraculous, by simple repetition, ceases to be Miraculous. True, it is by this means that we live; for man must work as well wonder; and herein is Custom so far a kind nurse, guiding him to his true benefit. But she is a fond foolish nurse, or ra-

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ther we are fond foolish nurslings, when, in our resting and reflecting hours, we prolong the same deception. Am I to view the Stupendous with stupid indifference because I have seen it twice, or two hundred, or two million times? There is no reason in Nature or in Art why I should: unless, indeed, I am a mere Work-machine, for whom the divine gift of thought were no other than the terrestrial gift of Steam is to the Steam-engine; a power whereby Cotton might be spun, and money and money's worth realized."

ON NAMES.

"Notable enough too wilt thou find the potency of Names; which, indeed, are but one kind of such Custom-woven, wonder-hiding Garments. Witchcraft, and all manner of Spectre-work, and Demonology, we have named Madness and Diseases of the Nerves: seldom reflecting that still the new question comes upon us: 'What is Madness; what are Nerves?'—Ever, as before, does Madness remain a mysterious-terrific, altogether *infernal* boiling up of the Nether Chaotic Deep, through this fair painted Vision of Creation, which swims thereon, which we name the Real. Was Luther's Picture of the Devil less a Reality, whether it were formed within the bodily eye or without it? In every the wisest soul lies a whole world of internal Madness, an authentic Demon-empire, out of which, indeed, this world of Wisdom has been creatively built together, and now rests there, as on its dark foundations does a habitable flowery Earth-rind."

The speculations of the supposititious Professor of Hodge-Podge Philosophy rise sometimes to even loftier heights of transcendentalism, as in this:

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ON SPACE AND TIME.

"Deepest of all illusory Appearances, for hiding Wonder, as for many other ends, are your two grand fundamental world-enveloping Appearances, Space and Time. These—as spun and woven for us from before Birth itself, to clothe our celestial Me for dwelling here, and yet to blind it—lie all-embracing, as the universal canvas, or warp and woof, whereby all minor Illusions, on this Phantom existence, weave and paint themselves. In vain, while here on Earth, shall you endeavor to strip them off; you can at best but rend them asunder for moments, and look through.

"Fortunatus had a Wishing-Hat, which when he put on and wished himself Anywhere, behold he was there. By this means had Fortunatus triumphed over Space; for him there was no *Where*, but all was *Here*. Were a hatter to establish himself in the *Wahngasse* of Weissnichtwo, and make felts of this sort for all mankind, what a world we should have of it! Still stranger, should, on the opposite side of the street, another hatter establish himself, and, as his fellow-craftsman made Space-annihilating Hats, make Time-annihilating! Of both would I purchase, were it with my last groschen; but chiefly of the latter. To clap on your felt, and, simply by wishing that you were Any*where*, straightway to be *There!* Next to clap on your other felt, and simply by wishing that you were Any*when*, straightway to be *Then!* This were indeed the grander: shooting at will from the Fire-Creation of the World to its Fire-Consummation; here historically present in the First Century, conversing face to face with Paul and Seneca; there prophetically in the Thirty-first, conversing also face to face with other Pauls and Senecas, who as yet stand hidden in the depth of

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that late Time! Thinkest thou that it were impossible, unimaginable?"

Or in a yet still loftier strain:

ON THE PAST AND THE FUTURE.

"Is the Past annihilated then, or only *past?* Is the Future non-extant, or only *future?* Those mystic faculties of thine, Memory and Hope, already answer. Already through these mystic avenues, thou, the Earth-blinded, summonest both Past and Future, and communest with them, though as yet darkly, and with mute beckonings. The curtains of Yesterday drop down, the curtains of to-morrow roll up; but Yesterday and To-morrow both *are*. Pierce through the Time-Element, glance into the Eternal. Believe what thou findest written in the sanctuaries of Man's Soul, even as all Thinkers, in all ages, have devoutly read it there: That Time and Space are not God, but creations of God; that with God as it is a universal *Here*, so is it an everlasting *Now*."

And, still following up the same lofty strain of speculation, this:

ON IMMORTALITY.

"And seest thou therein any glimpse of *Immortality?* O Heaven! Is the white tomb of the Loved One, who died from our arms, and had to be left behind as these, which rises in the distance, like a pale receding Milestone, to tell how many toilsome uncheered miles we have journeyed on alone—but a pale spectral Illusion? Is the lost Friend still mysteriously Here, even as we are Here mysteriously, with God?—Know of a truth, that only the Time-shadows have perished, or are perishable;

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that the real Being of whatever was, and whatever is, and whatever will be,—*is* even now and for ever.—This, should it unhappily seem new, thou mayest ponder at thy leisure; for the next twenty years, or the next twenty centuries. Believe it thou must, understand it thou canst not."

Or again, this:

ON GHOSTS.

"Could anything be more miraculous than an actual authentic Ghost?—The English Johnson longed, all his life, to see one; but could not, though he went to Cock Lane, and thence to the church-vaults, and tapped on coffins. Foolish Doctor! Did he never, with his mind's eye as well as the body's, look round him into that full tide of Human Life he so loved? Did he never so much as look into Himself?—The good Doctor was a Ghost, as actual and authentic as heart could wish; well-nigh a million of Ghosts were traveling the streets by his side.

"Once more I say: Sweep away the Illusion of Time; compress the threescore years into three minutes: what else was he, what else are we? Are we not Spirits, that are shaped into a body, into an Appearance; and that fade away again into Air and Invisibility?—This is no Metaphor, it is a simple scientific *Fact.* We start out of Nothingness, take figure, and are Apparitions. Round us, as around the veriest spectre, is Eternity; and to Eternity minutes are as Years and Æons. Come there not tones of Love and Faith, as from celestial harp-strings, like the song of beatified souls? And again, do we not squeak and gibber (in our discordant, screech-owlish debatings and recriminatings); and glide bodeful

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and feeble and fearful; or uproar (*poltern*) and revel in our mad Dance of the Dead—till the scent of the morning-air summons us to our still home; and dreamy Night becomes awake and Day?

"Where now is Alexander of Macedon? Does the steel host that yelled in fierce battle shouts, at Issus and Arbela, remain behind him; or have they all vanished utterly, as perturbed Goblins must?—Napoleon, too, and his Moscow Retreats and Austerlitz Campaigns! Was it all other than the veriest Spectre-hunt; which has now with its howling tumult, that made night hideous, flitted away?—Ghosts! There are nigh a thousand million walking the Earth openly at noontide; some half-hundred have vanished from it, some half-hundred have arisen in it, ere thy watch ticks once.

"O Heaven, it is mysterious, it is awful to consider that we not only carry each a future Ghost within him, but are in very deed, Ghosts! These limbs, whence had we them; this stormy Force; this life-blood with its burning Passion?—They are dust and shadow; a Shadow-system gathered around our *Me;* wherein, through some moments or years, the Divine Essence is to be revealed in the flesh. That warrior on his strong war-horse: fire flashes from his eyes, force dwells in his arm and heart: but warrior and war-horse are a Vision, a revealed Force, nothing more. Stately they tread the Earth, as if it were a firm substance. Fool! the Earth is but a film; it cracks in twain, and warrior and war-horse sink beyond plummet's sounding.—Plummet's! Fantasy herself will not follow them. A little while ago they were not; a little while and they are not; their very ashes are not.

"So has it been from the Beginning; so will it be to

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the End. Generation after generation takes to itself the form of a Body; and forth issuing from Cimmerian Night, on Heaven's mission *appears*. What Force and Fire is in each he expends: one grinding in the mill of Industry; one hunter-like climbing the Alpine heights of Science; one madly dashed in pieces on the rocks of Strife, in war with his fellow:—and then the Heaven-sent is recalled, his earthly Vesture falls away, and soon even to Sense becomes a Vanished Shadow.

"Thus, like some wild-flaming, wild-thundering train of Heaven's Artillery, does this mysterious *Mankind* thunder and flame, in long drawn, quick-succeeding grandeurs, through the unknown Deep. Thus, like a God-created, fire-breathing Spirit-host we emerge from the Inane; haste stormfully across the astonished Earth; then plunge again into the Inane. Earth's mountains are leveled, and her seas filled up, in our passage. Can the Earth, which is but dead and a Vision, resist Spirits, which have reality and are alive? On the hardest adamant some footprint of us is stamped in; the last Rear of the host will read traces of the earliest Van. But whence? O Heaven, whither? Sense knows not; Faith knows not; only that it is through Mystery to Mystery; from God and to God.

> "'We are such stuff
> As dreams are made of, and our little life
> Is rounded with a sleep.'"

It was for a manuscript full of such passages as these that there could not be found in all London a publisher who would venture to "translate it into print." And the only encouraging word, as far as we can learn, was the one publisher's

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guarded assurance that "the writer required only a little more tact to produce a popular as well as an able work"; and his Reader, "a gentleman in the highest class of men of letters," had nothing better to say than that "the work displays here and there some felicity of thought and expression, considerable fancy and knowledge." It was this work that the sapient newspaper critic called "a heap of clotted nonsense." The particular sentence which he thought rather more intelligible if read backward than forward is this: "The fire-baptized soul, long so scathed and thunder-riven, here feels its own freedom; which feeling is its Baphometic baptism; the citadel of its whole kingdom it has thus gained by assault, and will keep inexpugnable; outwards from which the remaining dominions, not indeed without hard battering, will doubtless by degrees be conquered and pacificated." This oracular critique was very appropriately given to the world on All-Fools Day, in the year of grace 1834. The critic was evidently one of that large class in whose behalf the day is celebrated, and it was quite in keeping that he should gravely ask, "Why can not the author lay aside his pedantry, and write so as to make himself generally intelligible?"

But "Sartor Resartus" is not merely a vehicle for the most profound transcendental speculation; it is quite as much, as Mr. Emerson phrases it, "a Criticism upon the Spirit of the Age—we had al-

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most said of the hour in which we live; exhibiting in the most just and novel light the present aspects of Religion, Politics, and Literature." A few extracts must be given in verification of this statement. As this, which is Teufelsdröckh's view, taken from his room high up in the attic of the highest house in Weissnichtwo, of—

THE ASPECTS OF LIFE IN A GREAT CITY.

"*Ach, mein Lieber*," said he once, at midnight, when he had returned from the Coffee-house in rather earnest talk. "It is a true sublimity to dwell here. The fringes of lamplight struggling through smoke and thousand-fold exhalations, some fathoms into the ancient reign of Night, what thinks Boötes of them, as he leads his Hunting Dogs over the Zenith, in their leash of sidereal fire? That stifled hum of Midnight, when Traffic has lain down to rest; and the chariot-wheels of Vanity, still rolling here and there through distant streets, are leading her to halls roofed in, and lighted to the due pitch for her; and only Vice and Misery, to prowl and moan like nightbirds, are abroad: that hum, I say, like the stertorous, unquiet slumber of Sick Life, is heard in Heaven! Oh, under that hideous coverlet of vapors and putrefactions and unimaginable gases, what a Fermenting-vat lies simmering and hid! The joyful and the sorrowful are there; men are dying there; men are being born; men are praying; on the other side of a brick partition, men are cursing; and all around them is the vast, void Night.

"The proud Grandee still lingers in his perfumed saloons, or reposes within damask curtains. Wretchedness cowers into truckle-beds, or shivers hunger-stricken

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into its lair of straw. In obscure cellars Rouge-et-Noir languidly emits its voice-of-destiny to haggard hungry Villains; while Councillors of State sit plotting and playing their high chess-game, whereof the pawns are men. The Lover whispers his mistress that the coach is ready; and she, full of hope and fear, glides down, to fly with him over the Borders: the Thief, still more silently, sets to his picklocks and crowbars, or lurks in wait till the watchmen first snore in their boxes. Gay mansions, with supper-rooms and dancing-rooms, are full of light and music, and high-swelling hearts; but in the Condemned Cells the pulse of life beats tremulous and faint; and bloodshot eyes look out through the darkness, which is around and within, for the light of a stern last morning. Six men are to be hanged on the morrow: Comes no hammering from the *Rabenstein?* their gallows must even now be o'building.

"Upward of five hundred thousand two-legged animals without feathers lie around us, in horizontal position; their heads all in night-caps, and full of the foolishest dreams. Riot cries aloud, and staggers and swaggers in his rank dens of shame; and the Mother, with streaming hair, kneels over her pallid dying infant, whose cracked lips only her tears now moisten. All these, heaped and huddled together, with nothing but a little carpentry and masonry between them; crammed like an Egyptian pitcher of tamed Vipers, each struggling to get his head above the other. *Such* work goes on under that smoke-counterpane!—But I, *mein Werther*, sit above it all. I am alone with the stars."

Bearing in mind that "Sartor Resartus" is ostensibly, in part, a review of Professor Teufels-

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drockh's imaginary book upon "Clothes, their Origin and Influence," the following, which purports to be an extract from that work, is not without significance. The reader is presumed to be able to "read between the lines;" that is, to translate the symbol into the thing signified:

ON CLOTHES IN GENERAL.

"As Montesquieu wrote a *Spirit of Laws*, so could I write a *Spirit of Clothes;* thus with an *Esprit des Loix*, properly an *Esprit de Coutumes*, we should have an *Esprit de Costumes*. For neither in Tailoring nor in Legislating does man proceed by mere accident, but the Hand is ever guided on by mysterious operations of the Mind. In all his modes and habilatory endeavors, an Architectural Idea will be found lurking; his Body and the Cloth are the site and materials whereon and whereby his beautified edifice, of a Person, is to be built. Whether he flow gracefully out in folded mantles, based on light sandals; tower up in high headgear, from amid peaks, spangles and bell-girdles; swell out in starched ruffs, buckram stuffings and monstrous tuberosities; or girth himself into separate sections, and front the world an Agglomeration of four limbs,—will depend on the nature of such Architectural Idea: whether Grecian, Gothic, Later-Gothic, or altogether Modern, and Parisian or Anglo-Dandiacal.

"Again, what meaning lies in Color! From the soberest Drab to the high-flaming Scarlet, spiritual idiosyncrasies unfold themselves in the choice of color. If the Cut betoken Intellect and Talent, so does the Color betoken Temper and Heart. In all which, among nations

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as among individuals, there is incessant, indubitable, though infinitely complex working of Cause and Effect. Every snip of the Scissors has been regulated and prescribed by ever-active Influences, which doubtless to Intelligences of a superior order are neither invisible nor illegible. For such superior Intelligences a Cause-and-Effect Philosophy of Clothes, as of Laws, were probably a comfortable winter evening entertainment. Nevertheless, for inferior Intelligences, like men, such Philosophies have always seemed to me uninstructive enough. Nay, what is your Montesquieu himself but a clever infant spelling Letters from a hieroglyphical prophetic Book, the lexicon of which lies in Eternity, in Heaven? —Let any such Cause-and-Effect Philosopher explain not why I wear such and such a garment, obey such and such a Law; but even why *I* am *here* to wear and obey anything."

That is, translating the word "Clothes" into "Institutions," social, civil, and religious—none of our philosophers are able to tell us, for example, why Persians and Turks wear flowing robes, loose trousers, and turbans; hold to the Koran; are ruled by a Shah or Padishah, with authority theoretically unlimited, and have as many wives as each man wishes or can afford; while the English and Germans wear boots, tight trousers, and hats; hold to the Bible; are ruled by a King, Queen, or Emperor, with authority very much limited; and no man of them can have more than one wife at a time. Or, to come to closer particulars, what philosopher can tell us how it comes

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to pass that among the Persians the only proper ecclesiastical garments must be of the *Shiite* cut; that is, that Ali, the son-in-law of Mohammed, was his true successor: while with the Turks the ecclesiastical garments must be of the *Sunnite* pattern; that is, that Abubekr, the father-in-law of the Prophet, was his true successor? Or again: What philosopher can tell us why the Latin Church will have "*Filioque*" embroidered upon its ecclesiastical robes, while the Greek Church holds it to be an abomination? Or again: Why the political garb of the British is of the "Constitutional Monarchy" cut; that of the Americans strictly "Republican"; that of the Russians "Autocratic"; that of the French, from time to time, anything from "Imperial" to "Communistic"?

But for the civilized man Clothes—that is, Institutions—of some sort are an absolute necessity. Teufelsdröckh thus dilates upon the condition and character of the primeval man, before the idea of Clothes, material or moral, had fairly begun to dawn upon him. His professed theory is that "the first purpose of Clothes, or Institutions, was not warmth or decency, but ornament.

THE PRIMEVAL AND THE CIVILIZED MAN.

"Miserable indeed," exclaims the Professor in that imaginary book of his, "was the condition of the Aboriginal Savage glaring fiercely from under his fleece of hair, which with the beard reached down to the loins,

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and hung round him like a matted cloak; the rest of his body sheeted in its thick natural fell. He loitered in the sunny glades of the forest, living on wild fruits; or, as the ancient Caledonian, squatted himself in morasses, lurking for his bestial or human prey; without implements, without arms, save the ball of heavy Flint, to which, that his sole possession and defense might not be lost, he had attached a long cord of plaited thongs; thereby recovering as well as hurling it with deadly unerring skill. Nevertheless the pains of Hunger and Revenge once satisfied, his next care was not Comfort but Decoration (*Putz*). Warmth he found in the toils of the chase; or amid dried leaves in his hollow tree, in his bark shed, or natural grotto: but for Decoration he must have Clothes. Nay, among wild people, we find tattooing and painting even prior to Clothes. The first spiritual want of a barbarous man is Decoration, as indeed we see among the barbarous classes in civilized countries.

"Reader, the heaven-inspired melodious Singer; loftiest Serene Highness: nay, thy own amber-locked, snow-and-rosebloom Maiden, worthy to glide sylphlike almost on air, whom thou worshipest as a divine Presence, which indeed, symbolically taken, she is—has descended, like thyself, from that same hair-mantled flint-hurling Aboriginal Anthropophagus! 'Out of the eater cometh forth meat; out of the strong cometh forth Sweetness.' What changes are wrought, not *by* Time, yet *in* Time! For not Mankind only, but all that Mankind does or beholds, is in continual growth, re-genesis, and self-perfecting vitality. Cast forth thy Act, thy Word, into the ever-living, ever-working Universe: it is a seed-grain that cannot die; unnoticed to-day (says one), it will be

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found flourishing as a Banyan-grove (perhaps, alas, as a Hemlock-forest!) after a thousand years."

Following out the same vein of thought, the unpupiled Professor of Hodge-Podge Philosophy continues:

PROGRESS OF CLOTHING.

"He who first shortened the labor of Copyists by device of *Movable Types* was disbanding hired armies, and cashiering most Kings and Senators, and creating a whole new Democratic World: he had invented the Art of Printing. The first ground handful of Nitre, Sulphur, and Charcoal drove Monk Schwartz's pestle through the ceiling: what will the last do? Achieve the final undisputed prostration of Force under Thought, of Animal courage under Spiritual. A simple invention it was in the old-world Grazier,—sick of lugging his slow Ox about the country till he got it bartered for corn or oil,—to take a piece of Leather, and thereon scratch or stamp the mere Figure of an Ox (or *Pecus*); put it in his pocket, and call it *Pecunia*, Money. Yet hereby did Barter grow Sale; the Leather Money is now Golden and Paper, and all miracles have been out-miracled: for there are Rothschilds and English National Debts; and whoso has sixpence is Sovereign (to the length of sixpence) over all men; commands Cooks to feed him, Philosophers to teach him, and Kings to mount guard over him,—to the length of sixpence.—Clothes, too, which began in the foolishest love of Ornament, what have they not become! Increased Security and pleasurable Heat soon followed: but what of these? Shame, divine Shame (*Schaam*, Modesty), as yet a stranger to the Anthropophagous bosom, arose there mysteriously

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under Clothes; a mystic grove-encircled shrine for the Holy in man. Clothes gave us individuality, distinctions, social policy; Clothes have made Men of us; they are threatening to make Clothes-screens of us."

In those serene Craigenputtoch days when "Sartor Resartus" was meditated and mainly written (for there are in the book, toward its close, passages which clearly belong to a later and far less healthful period), Carlyle's philosophy of life was upon the whole optimist. But in the sentence last quoted we have a glimpse of the pessimist view of humanity, which was in time to become predominant with him. Here follows a passage of grim humor, Teufelsdröckh being the speaker:

THE TAILORS AND THE TAILORED.

"Strange enough, it strikes me, is this fact of there being Tailors and Tailored. The Horse I ride has his own whole fell: strip him of the girths and flaps and extraneous tags I have fastened around him, and the noble creature is his own sempster and weaver and spinner: nay, his own boot-maker, jeweler, and man-milliner; he bounds through the valleys, with a perennial rainproof suit on his body; wherein warmth and easiness of fit have reached perfection; nay, the graces also have been considered, and frills and fringes, with gay variety of color, featly appended, and ever in the right place, are not wanting. While I,—good Heaven! have thatched myself over with the dead fleeces of sheep, the bark of vegetables, the entrails of worms, the hides of oxen or seals, the felt of furred beasts; and walk about a mov-

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ing Rag-screen, overheaped with shreds and tatters raked from the Charnel-house of Nature, where they would have rotted, to rot on me more slowly! Day after day, I must thatch myself anew; day after day this despicable thatch must lose some film of its thickness; some film of it, frayed away by tear and wear, must be brushed off into the Ashpit, into the Laystall, till by degrees the whole has been been brushed thither, and I, the dust-making, patent Rag-grinder, get new material to grind down. O subter-brutish! vile! most vile! For have I not too a compact all-enclosing Skin, whiter or dingier? Am not I a botched mass of tailors' and cobblers' shreds then; or a tightly-articulated, homogeneous little Figure, automatic, nay alive?

"Strange enough how creatures of the human-kind shut their eyes to the plainest facts. But, indeed man is, and was always, a blockhead and a dullard, much readier to feed and digest, than to think and consider. Perhaps not once in a lifetime does it occur to your ordinary biped, of any country or generation, be he gold-mantled Prince or russet-jerkined Peasant, that his Vestments and his Self are not one and indivisible; that *he* is naked, without vestments, till he buy or steal such, and by forethought sew and button them. For my own part, these considerations, of our Clothes-thatch; and how, reaching inwards even to our heart of hearts, it tailorizes and demoralizes us, fill me with a certain horror at myself and mankind; almost as one feels at those Dutch Cows, which, during the wet season, you see grazing deliberately with jackets and petticoats (of striped sacking) in the meadows of Gouda. Nevertheless, there is something great in the moment when a man first strips himself of adventitious wrappages; and sees

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indeed that he is naked, and, as Swift has it, 'a forked straddling Animal with bandy legs'; yet also a Spirit, and unutterable Mystery of Mysteries."

Upon which passage, Mr. Carlyle, speaking in his own name, and as commentator upon the utterances of the Weissnichtwo Professor, says: "Let no courteous reader take exceptions at the opinions here broached. The Editor himself, on first glancing over that singular passage, was inclined to exclaim: 'What, have we got not only a Sansculottist, but an enemy to Clothes in the abstract? A new Adamite in this century, which flatters itself that it is the Nineteenth, and destructive both to Superstition and Enthusiasm?' 'Or,' cries the courteous reader, 'has your Teufelsdröckh forgotten what he lately said about "Aboriginal Savages," and their "condition miserable indeed"? Would he have all this unsaid; and us betake ourselves to the "matted cloak," and go sheeted in a "thick natural fell"?'—Nowise, courteous reader! The Professor knows full well what he is saying, and both thou and we, in our haste, do him wrong. If Clothes, in these times, so 'tailorize and demoralize us,' have they no redeeming value? Can they not be altered to serve better? Must they of necesssity be thrown to the dogs? The truth is Teufelsdröckh, though a Sansculottist, is no Adamite; and much, perhaps, as he might wish to go forth before this degenerate age 'as a Sign,' would no-

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wise wish to do it, as those old Adamites did, in a state of Nakedness. The utility of Clothes is altogether apparent to him: nay, perhaps he has an insight into their more recondite and almost mystic qualities,—what we might call the Omnipotent virtue of Clothes,—such as was never before vouchsafed to any man. For example":

SOCIETY IN ITS STATE CLOTHES.

"You see two individuals, one dressed in fine Red, the other in coarse, threadbare Blue: Red says to Blue, 'Be hanged and anatomized'! Blue hears with a shudder and (O wonder of wonders!) marches sorrowfully to the gallows; is there noosed up, vibrates his hour, and the surgeons dissect him, and fit his bones into a skeleton for medical purposes. How is this? or what make ye of your '*Nothing can act but where it is*'? Red has no physical hold of Blue, no *clutch* upon him, is nowise in *contact* with him: neither are those ministering Sheriffs and Lord-Lieutenants and Hangmen and Tipstaves so related to commanding Red that he can tug them hither and thither; but each stands distinct in his own skin. Nevertheless, as it is spoken, so it is done: the articulated Word sets all hands in Action: and Rope and Improved Drop perform their work.

"Thinking reader, the reason seems to me twofold: First, That *Man is a Spirit*, and bound by invisible bonds to *All Men;* Secondly, that *he wears Clothes*, which are visible emblems of that fact. Has not your Red hanging-individual a horsehair wig, squirrel-skins, and a plush gown; whereby, all mortals know that he is a

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Judge?—Society, which the more I think of it astonishes me the more, is founded upon Cloth."

The professor then goes off into this grim imaginary picture:

SOCIETY OUT OF CLOTHES.

"Often in my atrabiliar moods, when I read of pompous Ceremonials, Frankfort Coronations, Royal Drawing-rooms, Levées, Couchées; and how ushers and macers and pursuivants are all in waiting; how Duke this is presented by Archduke that, and Colonel A by General B, and innumerable Bishops, Admirals, and miscellaneous Functionaries, are advancing gallantly to the Anointed Presence; and I strive, in my remote privacy, to form a clear picture of that Solemnity,—on a sudden, as by some enchanter's wand, the—shall I speak it?—the clothes fly off the whole dramatic corps; the Dukes, Grandees, Bishops, Generals, Anointed Presence itself, every mother's son of them, stand straddling there, not a shirt on them; and I know not whether to laugh or weep.

"What would Majesty do, could such an accident befall in reality, should all the buttons simultaneously start, and the solid wool evaporate, in very Deed, as here in dreams? *Ach Gott!* How each skulks into the nearest hiding-place; their high State Tragedy (*Haupt- und Staats-Action*) becomes a Pickle-herring Farce to weep at, which is the worst kind of Farce; *the tables* (according to Horace), and with them the whole fabric of Govment, Legislation, Property, Police, and Civilized Society, *are dissolved*, in wails and howls."

"Lives there the man," adds Carlyle, now speaking

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in his own person, "that can figure a naked duke of Windlestraw addressing a naked House of Lords? Imagination, choked as in mephitic air, recoils on itself, and will not forward with the picture. The Woolsack, the Ministerial, the Opposition Benches—*infandum! infandum!* And yet why is the thing impossible? Was not every soul, or rather every body of these Guardians of our Liberties, naked, or nearly so, last night; 'a forked Radish with a head fantastically carved'? And why might he not, did our stern Fate so order it, walk out to St. Stephen's, as well as into bed, in that no-fashion; and there, with other similar Radishes, hold a Bed of Justice?"

"It will remain to be examined," continues Teufelsdröech, "in how far the *Scarecrow*, as a Clothed Person, is not also entitled to Benefit of Clergy, and English Trial by jury: nay, perhaps, considering his high function (for is not he too a Defender of Property, and a Sovereign armed with the *terrors* of the Law?) to a certain royal Immunity and Inviolability; which, however, misers and the meaner class of persons are not always voluntarily dispose to grant him. . . . . O my friends, we are (in Yorick Sterne's words) but as 'turkeys driven, with a stick and red clout, to the market;' or if some drivers, as they do in Norfolk, take a dried bladder and put peas in it, the rattle thereof terrifies the boldest."

In quite a different vein is the following, which may be set down as the gist and purport of "Sartor Resartus":

THE PHILOSOPHY OF CLOTHES.

"Happy he who can look through the Clothes of a Man (the woolen and fleshly, and official Bank-paper,

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and State-paper clothes), into the Man himself; and discern, it may be in this or the other Dread Potentate, a more or less incompetent Digestive Apparatus; yet also an inscrutable venerable Mystery, in the meanest Tinker that sees with eyes! . . . . All visible things are Emblems; what thou seest is not there on its own account; strictly it is not there at all: Matter exists only spiritually, and to represent some Idea, and *body* it forth. Hence Clothes, as despicable as we think them, are so unspeakably significant. (Clothes, from the King's mantle downwards, are Emblematic, not of want only, but of a manifold cunning victory over Want. On the other hand, all Emblematic things are properly Clothes, thought-woven or hand-woven. Must not the Imagination weave Garments, visible Bodies, wherein the else invisible creations and inspirations of our Reason are like Spirits revealed, and first become all powerful;—the rather, if as, we often see, the Hand too aid her, and (by wool Clothes or otherwise) reveal such even to the outward eye? . . . .

"Why multiply instances? It is written, 'The Heavens and the Earth shall fade away like a Vesture'; which indeed they are: the Time-vesture of the Eternal. Whatsoever sensibly exists, whatsoever represents Spirit to Spirit, is properly a Clothing, a suit of Raiment, put on for a season and to be laid off. Thus in this one pregnant subject of *Clothes*, rightly understood, is included all that men have thought, dreamed, done, and been: the whole External Universe and what it holds is but Clothing; and the essence of all Science lies in the PHILOSOPHY OF CLOTHES."

It would not be easy to find anywhere a piece of satire more trenchant than the following:

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ON WAR.

"What, speaking in quite unofficial language, is the net purport and upshot of War? To my own knowledge, for example, there dwell and toil in the British village of Dumdrudge some five hundred souls. From these, by certain 'Natural Enemies' of the French, there are successively selected, during the French war, say thirty able-bodied men. Dumdrudge, at her own expense, has suckled and nursed them: she has, not without difficulty and sorrow, fed them up to manhood, and even trained them to crafts, so that one can weave, another build, another hammer, and the weakest can stand under thirty stone avoirdupoise. Nevertheless, amidst much weeping and swearing, they are selected; all dressed in red, and shipped away at the public charges, some two thousand miles, or say only to the South of Spain; and fed there till wanted.

"And now to that same spot in the South of Spain are thirty similar French artisans, from a French Dumdrudge, in like manner wending: till at length, after infinite effort, the two parties come into actual juxtaposition; and Thirty stands fronting Thirty, each with a gun in his hand. Straightway the word 'Fire!' is given: and they blow the souls out of one another; and in place of sixty brisk useful Craftsmen, the world has sixty dead Carcasses, which it must bury, and anew shed tears for.

"Had these men any quarrel? Busy as the Devil is, not the smallest! They lived far enough apart; were the entirest strangers; nay, in so wide a Universe, there was even unconsciously, by Commerce, some mutual helpfulness between them. How then? Simpleton! their Governors had fallen out; and instead of shooting one another, had the cunning to make these poor blockheads

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shoot.—Alas, so is it in Deutschland, and hitherto in all other lands; still as of old, 'What devilry soever Kings do, the Greeks must pay the piper.'—In that fiction of the English Smollett it is true the final Cessation of War is perhaps prophetically shadowed forth; where the two 'Natural Enemies,' in person take each a Tobacco-pipe, filled with Brimstone; light the same, and smoke in each other's faces, until the weaker gives-in; but from such predicted Peace-Era what blood-filled trenches and contentious centuries may divide us!"

It were surely a sight to gladden the heart of gods and men to see Beaconsfield and Gortschakoff seated on the summit of the Khyber Pass, puffing brimstone-smoke into each other's old weazened faces with all the vigor left in their wheezy old lungs. Quite worthy of consideration at this time, of all others in modern centuries, is this:

ENFORCED IDLENESS.

"There must be something wrong. A full-formed Horse will in any market bring from twenty to as high as two hundred Friedrichs d'or: Such is his worth to the world. A full-formed Man is not only worth nothing to the world, but the world could afford him a round sum would he simply engage to go and hang himself. Nevertheless, which of the two was the more cunningly devised article, even as an Engine? Good Heavens! A white European Man, standing on his two Legs, with his two five-fingered Hands at his shackle-bones, and miraculous Head on his shoulders, is worth, I should say, from fifty to a hundred Horses."

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The foregoing, and some which follow, purport to be marginal notes written by Teufelsdröckh upon a little pamphlet from the brain and pen of a certain Hofrath Heuschrecke (*Court-Councillor Grasshopper*), a great admirer of the Weissnichtwo professor. The Hofrath's imaginary pamphlet is entitled "Institute for the Repression of Population." Of this pamphlet and its author, Carlyle, writing in the character of editor of Teufelsdröckh's "Literary Remains," says: "Into the Hofrath's *Institute*, with its extraordinary schemes and machinery of Corresponding Boards and the like, we shall not so much as glance. Enough for us to understand that Heuschrecke is a disciple of Malthus; and so zealous for the doctrine that his zeal almost literally eats him up. A deadly fear of Population possesses the Hofrath, something like a fixed idea, undoubtedly akin to the more diluted forms of madness. Nowhere in that quarter of his intellectual world is there light, nothing but a grim shadow of Hunger, open mouths opening wider and wider, a world to terminate by the frightfulest consummation, by its too dense inhabitants famished into delirium, universally eating one another. Wherefore the Hofrath founded, or proposes to found, this *Institute* of his as the best he can do. It is only with our Professor's comments thereon that we have to do." Councillor Grasshopper has somewhere used the phrase

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"too crowded"; whereupon Teufelsdröckh bursts out thus:

A TOO-CROWDED EARTH.

"Too crowded, indeed! Meanwhile, what portion of this considerable terraqueous globe have ye actually tilled and delved till it will grow no more? How thick stands your population in the pampas and savannas of America, round ancient Carthage and in the interior of Africa, on both sides of the Altai chain and in the central plateau of Asia, in Spain, Greece, Turkey, Crim-Tartary, and the Curragh of Kildare? One man in one year, as I understand it, if you give him earth, will feed himself and nine others. Where now are the Hengists and Alarics of our still-growing, still-expanding Europe, who, when their home is grown too strait, will enlist, and like fire-pillars guide onward those superfluous masses of living valor, equipped not now with the battle-axe and the war-chariot, but with the steam-engine and the ploughshare?—Preserving their game."

Few paragraphs have been so often quoted, and fewer still deserve to be so often quoted, as the following, which purports to have been scrawled by Teufelsdröckh upon a blank cover of Heuschrecke's pamphlet:

CRAFTSMAN AND THINKER.

"Two men I honor, and no third. First, the toil-worn Craftsman that with Earth-made implement laboriously conquers the Earth, and makes her Man's. Venerable to me is the hard Hand; crooked, coarse; wherein notwithstanding lies a cunning virtue, indefeasibly royal, as of the Sceptre of this Planet. Venerable too is the

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rugged Face, all weather-tanned, with its rude intelligence; for it is the face of a Man living manlike. Oh, but the more venerable for thy rudeness, and even because we must pity as well as love thee! Hardly-entreated Brother! For us was thy back so bent; for us were thy straight limbs and fingers so deformed: thou wert our Conscript, on whom the lot fell, and fighting our battles wert so marred. For in thee too lay a God-created Form, but it was not to be unfolded; encrusted must it stand with the thick adhesions and defacements of Labor; and thy body, like thy soul, was not to know freedom. Yet toil on, toil on; *thou* art in thy duty be out of it who may; thou toilest for the altogether indispensable—for daily bread.

"A second man I honor, and still more highly: Him who is seen toiling for the spiritually indispensable; not daily bread, but the Bread of Life. Is not he in his duty; endeavoring toward inward Harmony; revealing this by act, or by word, through all his outward endeavors, be they high or low? Highest of all, when his outward and his inward endeavor are one: when we can name him Artist; not earthly Craftsman only, but inspired Thinker, who with Heaven-made implement conquers Heaven for us! If the poor and humble toil that we may have Food, must not the high and glorious toil for him in return, that he may have Light, Freedom, Immortality?—These two, in all their degrees, I honor: all else is chaff and dust, which let the wind blow whither it listeth.

"Unspeakably touching is it, however, when I find both dignities united; and he that must toil outwardly for the lowest of man's wants, is always toiling inwardly for the highest. Sublimer in this world know I nothing

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than a Peasant Saint, could such now anywhere be met with. Such a one will take thee back to Nazareth itself; thou wilt see the splendor of Heaven spring forth from the humblest depth of Earth, like a light shining in great darkness."

And yet again—following out the same line of thought—with which we conclude what we have to say of "Sartor Resartus," the fine outgrowth of Carlyle's earlier manhood, before, somewhat as his friend Irving had done, he betook himself to the great Babylon of our modern centuries:

SCIENCE AND NESCIENCE.

"It is not because of his toils that I lament for the poor. We must all toil, or steal (howsoever we name our stealing), which is worse. The poor is hungry and athirst; but for him also there is food and drink; he is heavy-laden and weary; but for him also the Heavens send Sleep, and of the deepest; in his smoky cribs, a clear dewy heaven of Rest envelopes him, and fitful glimmerings of cloud-skirted Dreams. But what I do mourn for is, that the lamp of his soul should go out; that no ray of heavenly, or even of earthly knowledge should visit him; but only, in the haggard darkness, like two spectres, Fear and Indignation. Alas, while the Body stands so broad and brawny, must the Soul lie blinded, dwarfed, stupefied, almost annihilated? Alas, was this too a Breath of God; bestowed in Heaven, but on Earth never to be unfolded?—That there should one Man die Ignorant who had capacity for Knowledge, this I call a tragedy, were it to happen more than twenty times in the minute, as by some computations it does. The miserable fraction

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of Science which our united Mankind, in a wide Universe of Nescience, has acquired, why is not this with all diligence, imparted to all?"

V.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

CARLYLE, as we have said, took up his permanent residence in London in the spring of 1834. For the ensuing three years he furnished few contributions to reviews and magazines, being mainly engaged upon his "History of the French Revolution." A considerable portion of this had been prepared, ready for the printers, when the manuscript was accidentally burnt up. In one of his table-talks he thus characteristically narrated the circumstances to Milburn:

BURNING OF THE "FRENCH REVOLUTION."

"A sad story enough, Sir; and one that always makes me shudder to think of. I had finished the second volume of the book called 'The French Revolution, a History'; and as it lay in manuscript, a friend desired that he might have the reading of it; and it was committed to his care. He professed himself greatly delighted with the perusal, and confided it to a friend of his own, who had some curiosity to see it as well. This person sat up, as he said, perusing it far into the wee hours of the morning; and at length recollecting himself, surprised at the flight of time, laid the manuscript carelessly upon

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the library table, and hied to bed. There it lay, a loose heap of rubbish, fit only for the waste-paper basket or for the grate. So Betty, the housemaid, thought when she came to light the library fire in the morning. Looking round for something suitable for her purpose, and finding nothing better than it, she thrust it into the grate, and applying the match, up the chimney, with a sparkle and roar, went 'The French Revolution': thus ending in smoke and soot, as the great transaction itself did, more than a half century ago.

"At first they forbore to tell me the evil tidings; but at length I heard the dismal story, and I was as a man staggered by a heavy blow. Ah, Sir, it's terrible when you have been struggling for months and years with dim confusion and wild anarchy; when all about you is weltering Chaos and unbroken darkness; and you have at length gained some victory, and built a highway that will bear the pressure of your own foot, and perhaps the feet of generations yet to come; and the morning has dawned, and you can see some way at least into the realm of Limbo—suddenly to find that you are in the centre of pitchy darkness, in the whirl of commingling elements, and that Chaos has come again.

"I was as a man beside myself, for there was scarcely a page of manuscript left. I sat down at the table and strove to collect my thoughts and to commence the work again. I filled page after page, but ran the pen over every line as the page was finished. Thus was it, Sir, for many a weary day, until at length, as I sat by the window, half-hearted and dejected, my eye wandered along over acres of roofs, I saw a man standing upon a scaffold engaged in building a wall—the wall of a house. With his trowel he'd lay a great splash of mortar upon

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the last layer, and then brick after brick would be deposited upon this, striking each with the butt of his trowel, as if to give it his benediction and farewell; and all the while singing or whistling as blithe as a lark. And in my spleen I said within myself, 'Poor fool! how canst thou be so merry under such a bile-spotted atmosphere as this, and everything rushing into the regions of the inane?'

"And then I bethought me, and I said to myself, 'Poor fool *thou*, rather, that sittest here by the window whining and complaining! What if thy house of cards falls? Is the Universe wrecked for that? The man yonder builds a house that shall be a home perhaps for generations. Men will be born in it, wedded in it, and buried from it; and the voice of weeping and of mirth shall be heard within its walls; and mayhap true Valor, Prudence, and Faith shall be nursed by its hearth-stone. Man! symbol of Eternity imprisoned into Time! it is not thy works, which are all mortal, infinitely little, and the greatest no greater than the least, but only the spirit thou workest in which can have worth or continuance! Up then at thy work, and be cheerful!'

"So I arose and washed my face and felt that my head was anointed, and gave myself to relaxation—to what they call 'light literature.' I read nothing but novels for weeks. I was surrounded by heaps of rubbish and chaff. I read all the novels of that person who was once a Captain in the Royal Navy—and an extraordinary ornament he must have been to it: the man that wrote stories about Dogs that had their tails cut off, and about people in Search of their Fathers; and it seemed to me that of all the extraordinary dunces that had figured upon this planet he must certainly bear the palm

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from every one save the readers of his books. And thus refreshed I took heart of grace again, applied me to my work, and in course of time 'The French Revolution' got finished; as all things must, sooner or later."

"The French Revolution" is not so much a connected history of the Revolution as a series of pictures from that history. They are painted with wonderful vigor. We may call Carlyle the Turner of the pen, or Turner the Carlyle of the pencil. The works of both are marvels, not only of genius, but of labor. We are told that Turner fairly dashed his colors upon the canvas, and we have no doubt that Carlyle dashed his sentences upon the paper. But to learn to dash the right colors in the right places required long and patient study of the forms of waves and clouds, and innumerable effects of light and shade. To be able to compose the word-pictures of history, Carlyle had to wade through morasses of dull books, and swamps of duller pamphlets and journals: to *wade* through them, not merely to walk dry-shod around them as Scott did in getting up his "Life of Napoleon."

It has been said that from Carlyle's history alone no man of fair intelligence can gain a clear and connected view of the French Revolution. This is partially true, just as it is partially true that from the pictorial "Gallery of the Rhine" one cannot gain a view of that river as clear and connected as he might from a topographical map,

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upon which every winding and reach should be laid down upon a mathematical scale: the altitude of every cliff, the height of every tower, and the population of every town, given in plain figures. Both classes of works have their value, and both are better than either.

From "The French Revolution" we must content ourselves with quoting a few of the brilliant word-pictures, which can be most easily detached from the context. As has been before said, Carlyle holds that there are long ages the history of which is "too confused for narrative," and may be best "presented in the way of epitome and distilled essence." Here is his epitome and distilled essence of long centuries of French history.

OBSCURE AGES IN FRENCH HISTORY.

"Sovereigns die and Sovereignties: how all dies and is for a time only; is a Time-phantasm, yet reckons itself real! The Merovingian Kings, slowly wending on their bullock-carts through the streets of Paris, with their long hair flowing, have all wended slowly on—into Eternity. Charlemagne sleeps at Salzburg, with truncheon grounded; only Fable expecting that he will awaken. Charles the Hammer, Pepin Bow-legged, where is their voice of command? Rollo and his shaggy Northmen cover not the Seine with ships; but have sailed off on a longer voyage. The hair of Towhead (*Tête d'étoupes*) now needs no combing; Iron-cutter (*Taillefer*) cannot cut a cobweb; shrill Frédegonde, shrill Brunhilda, have had out their hot life-scold, and lie silent, their hot life-

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frenzy cooled. Neither from the black Tower de Nesle descends now darkling the doomed gallant in his sack to the Seine waters; plunging into Night: for Dame de Nesle now cares not for this world's gallantry, heeds not for this world's scandal; Dame de Nesle is herself gone into Night. They are all gone; sunk,—down, down, with the tumult they made; and the rolling and the trampling of ever new generations passes over them; and they hear it not any more for ever."

Still those ages the history of which must be so condensed and epitomized did, after all, produce something. They were not altogether barren.

SOME RESULTS OF THE OBSCURE AGES.

"And yet withal has there not been something realized? Consider (to go no further) these strong Stone-edifices, and what they hold! Mud-Town of the Borderers (*Lutetia Parisorum* or *Barisorum*) has paved itself, has spread over all the Seine Islands, and far and wide on each bank, and become City of Paris, sometimes boasting to be 'Athens of Europe,' and 'Capital of the Universe.' Stone towers frown aloft; long-lasting, grim with a thousand years. Cathedrals are there, and a Creed (or memory of a Creed) in them; Palaces, and a State, and Law. Thou seest the Smoke-vapor; *un*-extinguished Breath, as of a thing living. Labor's thousand hammers ring on her anvils: also a more miraculous Labor works noiselessly, not with the Hand but with the Thought. How have cunning workmen in all crafts, with their cunning head and right-hand, tamed the Four Elements to be their ministers; yoking the Winds to their Sea-chariot, making the very Stars their Nautical

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Timepiece; and written and collected a *Bibliothèque du Roi;* among whose Books is the Hebrew Book! A wondrous race of Creatures: *these* have been realized, and what of Skill is in these: call not the Past Time, with all its confused wretchedness, a lost one."

SYMBOLS AND IDEALS.

"Observe, however, that of man's whole Terrestrial possessions and attainments, unspeakably the noblest are his Symbols, divine or divine-seeming; under which he marches and fights, with victorious assurance, in the life-battle: what we call his Realized Ideals. Of which Realized Ideals, omitting the rest, consider only these two: his Church, or spiritual Guidance, his Kingship, or temporal one."

A CHURCH AND A CREED

"The Church: what a word was there; richer than Golconda and the treasures of the world! In the heart of the remotest mountains rises the white little Kirk; the Dead all slumbering around it, under the white memorial-stones, 'in hope of a happy resurrection':—dull wert thou, Reader, if never in any hour (say of moaning midnight, when such Kirk hung spectral in the sky, and Being was as if swallowed up in Darkness) it spoke to thee—things unspeakable, that went into thy soul's soul. Strong was he that had a Church, what we can call a Church: he stood thereby, though in the centre of Immensities, 'in the conflict of Eternities,' yet manlike toward God and Man; the vague shoreless Universe had become for him a fine city and dwelling which he knew, such virtue was in Belief; in these words, well-spoken: *I believe.* Well might men prize their *Credo;* and raise

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stateliest Temples for it, and reverend Hierarchies, and give it the tithe of their substance; it was worth living for and dying for."

THE KINGSHIP.

"Neither was that an inconsiderable moment when wild armed men first raised their Strongest aloft on the buckler-throne, and with clanging armor and hearts said solemnly: 'Be thou our Acknowledged Strongest!' In such Acknowledged Strongest (well-named King, *Kŏn-ning*, Can-ning, or Man that was Able), what a Symbol shone now for them—significant with the destinies of the world! A Symbol of true Guidance in return for loving Obedience; properly, if he knew it, the prime want of man. A Symbol which might be called sacred; for is there not, in reverence for what is better than we, an indestructible sacredness? On which ground, too, it was well said, there lay in the Acknowledged Strongest a divine right; as surely there might be in the Strongest, whether Acknowledged or not,—considering *Who* it was that made him strong.

"And so, in the midst of confusions and unutterable incongruities (as all growth is confused), did this of Royalty, with Loyalty environing it, spring up; and grow mysteriously, subduing and assimilating (for a principle of Life was within it); till it also had grown world-great, and was among the main facts of our modern existence. Such a fact that a Louis Fourteenth, for example, could answer the expostulatory Magistrate with his '*L'État, c'est moi* (The State? I am the State); and be replied to with silence and abashed looks.

"So far had accident and forethought; had your Louis Elevenths, with the leaden Virgin in their hat-

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band, and torture-wheels and conical *oubliettes* (man-eating!) under their feet; your Henri Fourths, with their prophesied social millennium, 'when every peasant should have his fowl in the pot,' and, on the whole, the fertility of this most fertile Existence (named of Good and Evil), —brought it, in the matter of Kingship. Wondrous! concerning which may we not again say, that in the huge mass of Evil, as it rolls and swells, there is ever some Good, working imprisoned; working toward deliverance and triumph?"

The "History of the French Revolution," as told by Carlyle, properly begins with the death of Louis XV. The king's disease was the small-pox, caught from one of his obscure mistresses; but this was further aggravated by certain other nameless disorders.

THE DEATH-BED OF LOUIS XV.

"Frightful to all men is Death; from of old named King of Terrors. Our little compact home of an Existence, where we dwelt complaining, yet as in a home, is passing, in dark agonies, into an Unknown of Separation, Foreignness, unconditioned Possibility. The Heathen Emperor asks of his soul: 'Into what place art thou now departing?' The Catholic King must answer: 'To the Judgment-bar of the Most High God!'—Yes, it is a summing up of life; a final settling, and giving-in the 'account of the deeds done in the body': they are done now; and lie there unalterable, and to bear their fruits, as long as Eternity shall last.

"Louis XV. had always the Kingliest abhorrence of Death. Unlike that Duke of Orleans, who honestly be-

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lieved that there was no Death, he, if the Court Newsmen can be believed, started up once on a time, glowing with sulphurous contempt and indignation on his poor Secretary, who had stumbled on the words, *feu roi d'Espagne* (the late King of Spain). '*Feu roi, Monsieur!*' —'Monseigneur,' hastily answered the trembling but adroit man of business, '*C'est un titre qu'ils prennent* ('tis a title they take).' Louis was not so happy; but he did what he could. He would not suffer Death to be spoken of; avoided the sight of churchyards, funeral monuments, and whatsoever could bring it to mind. It is the resource of the Ostrich; who hard-hunted sticks his foolish head in the ground, and would fain forget that his foolish unseeing body is not unseen too. Or sometimes, with a spasmodic antagonism, significant of the same thing, and of more, *would* go: or stopping his court carriages, would send into the churchyards, and ask, 'how many new graves there were to-day,' though it gave his poor Pompadour the ugliest qualms.

"But figure his thought when Death is now clutching at his own heart-strings; unlooked for, inexorable! Yes, poor Louis, Death has found thee. No palace walls or life-guards, gorgeous tapestries or gilt buckrams of stiffest ceremonial could keep him out; but he is here, here at thy very life-breath, and will extinguish it. Thou, whose whole existence was a Chimera and Scenic Show, at length becomest a Reality: sumptuous Versailles bursts asunder, like a Dream, into a void Immensity; Time is done, and all the scaffolding of Time falls wrecked with hideous clangor round thy soul: the pale Kingdoms yawn open; there must thou enter naked, all unkinged, and await what is appointed thee! Unhappy man, there as thou turnest, in dull agony, what a thought is thine!

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"Purgatory and Hellfire, now all too possible, in the prospect: in the retrospect,—alas, what thing didst thou do that were not better undone; what mortal didst thou generously help; what sorrow hadst thou mercy on? Do the 'five hundred thousand' ghosts who sank shamefully on so many battlefields from Rossbach to Quebec, that thy Harlot might take revenge for an epigram,—crowd thee in this hour? Thy foul Harem; the curses of mothers, the tears and infamy of daughters? Miserable man! thou 'hast done evil as thou couldst.' Thy whole existence seems one hideous abortion and mistake of Nature; the use and meaning of thee not yet known. Wert thou a fabulous Griffin, devouring the works of men; daily dragging virgins to thy cave;—clad also in scales that no spear would pierce: no spear but Death's? A Griffin not fabulous, but real! Frightful, O Louis, seem these moments for thee.—We will pry no further into the horrors of a sinner's deathbed."

If, instead of one small volume, we were to have made three large ones, we should have filled a quarter of one of them with extracts from this "History of the French Revolution." We must, however, find space for the account of the great celebration on July 14, 1790, in the Champ de Mars, when, as was fondly believed by all men, king and people were to be made one, and the Golden Age to come back again to earth. For this Fête of the Federation the Champ de Mars was to be made into a vast open-air theatre or amphitheatre, wherein three hundred thousand performers might play their parts with the whole

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universe as spectators, visible or invisible; and the day for the performance had been fixed:

PAID WORK IN THE CHAMP DE MARS.

"Meanwhile to Paris, ever going and returning, day after day, and all day long, toward that Field of Mars, it becomes painfully apparent that the spade-work there cannot be got done in time. There is such an area of it; three hundred thousand square feet: for from the École Militaire (which will need be done up in wood with balconies and galleries) westward to the Gate by the River (where also shall be wood in triumphal arches), we count some thousand yards of length; and for the breadth, from the umbrageous Avenue of eight rows, on the South side, to that corresponding one on the North, some thousand feet more or less. All this is to be scooped out, and wheeled up in slope along the sides: high enough; for it must be rammed down there, and shaped stair-wise into as many as 'thirty ranges of convenient seats,' firm-trimmed with turf, covered with enduring timber;—and then our huge pyramidal Fatherland's-Altar, *Autel de la Patrie*, in the centre, also to be raised and stair-stepped. Force-work with a vengeance; it is a World's Amphitheatre! There are but fifteen days good: and at this languid rate it might take half as many weeks. What is singular too, the Spademen seem to work lazily; they will not work double-tides even for offer of more wages, though their tide is but seven hours; they declare angrily that the human tabernacle requires occasional rest."

The people began to surmise that the slowness of the work was somehow caused by the "Aristo-

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crats," who were striving "to sow grudges between the best of peoples and the best of restorer kings"; with what a fiend's grin would they see this Federation, looked for by the universe, fail! But the universal heart of the Parisian people declared that there should be no failure:

THE VOLUNTARY WORK.

"Fail for want of spade-work, however, it shall not. He that has four limbs and a French heart can do spade-work; and will! On that first July Monday, scarcely has the signal-cannon boomed; scarcely have the languid mercenary Fifteen Thousand laid down their tools, and the eyes of onlookers turned sorrowfully to the still high Sun; when this and the other Patriot, fire in his eye, snatches barrow and mattock, and himself begins indignantly wheeling, whom scores and then hundreds follow; and soon a volunteer Fifteen Thousand are shoveling and trundling; with the heart of giants: and all in right order, with that extemporaneous adroitness of theirs: whereby *such* a lift has been given, worth three mercenary ones; which may end when the late twilight thickens, in triumph-shouts heard or heard of beyond Montmartre!"

Now the word-panorama is rapidly unrolled, disclosing scene after scene of ever-increasing picturesqueness:

THE TRIUMPH OF THE SPADE AND BARROW.

"A sympathetic population will *wait*, next day, with eagerness, till the tools are free. Or why wait? Spades elsewhere exist! And so now bursts forth that efful-

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gence of Parisian enthusiasm, good-heartedness and brotherly love; such, if chroniclers are trustworthy, as was not witnessed since the Age of Gold. Paris, male and female, precipitates itself towards its Southwest extremity, spade on shoulder. Streams of men, without order; or in order, as ranked fellow-craftsmen, as natural or accidental reunions, march toward the Field of Mars. Three-deep these march; to the sound of stringed music; preceded by young girls with green boughs and tricolor streamers: they have shouldered, soldier-wise, their shovels and picks; and with one throat are singing *Ça-ira.* Yes, *pardieu, Ça-ira,* cry the passengers on the streets. All corporate Guilds, and public and private Bodies of Citizens, from the highest to the lowest, march; the very Hawkers, one finds, have ceased bawling for one day. The neighboring Villages turn out: their able men come marching, to village fiddle or tambourine and triangle, under their Mayor, or Mayor and Curate, who also walk bespaded, and in tricolor sash. As many as one hundred and fifty thousand workers; nay, at certain seasons, as some count, two hundred and fifty thousand; for, in the afternoon especially, what mortal but, finishing his hasty day's work, would run! A stirring City: from the time you reach the Place Louis-Quinze, southward over the River, by all Avenues, it is one living throng. So many workers; and no mercenary mock-workers, but real ones that lie freely to it: each Patriot *stretches* himself against the stubborn glebe; hews and wheels with the whole weight that is in him."

From this universal burst of glad enthusiasm no Parisian man, woman, or child is exempt; for to all of them that great Day of Federation, so

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close at hand, is to be the dawning of the Age of Gold, which poets have sung of as far back in the past, and which seers have prophesied to lie in the far-off future—that millenium, that thousand years, each day of which stands for a year or an æon. "Your young men," said the Hebrew prophet—and his words were reëchoed by the apostle —"shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams."

THE UNIVERSAL ENTHUSIASM.

"Amiable infants, *aimables enfans!* They do the '*police de l'atelier*' too, the guidance and governance, themselves; with that ready will of theirs, with that extemporaneous adroitness. It is a true brethren's work; all distinctions confounded, abolished; as it was in the beginning, when Adam himself delved. Long-frocked tonsured monks, with short-skirted Water-carriers, with swallow-tailed well-frizzled *Incroyables* of a Patriot turn; dark Charcoalmen, meal-white Peruke-makers; or Peruke-wearers, for Advocate and Judge are there, and all Heads of Districts: sober Nuns sister-like with flaunting Nymphs of the Opera, and Females in common circumstances, named Unfortunate: the patriot Rag-picker and the perfumed Dweller in Palaces; for Patriotism like New-birth, and also like Death, levels all.

"The Printers have come marching, Prudhomme's all in paper-caps with *Révolution de Paris* printed on them;—as Camille notes; wishing that in these great days there should be a *Pacte des Écrivains* too, or Federation of Able Editors. Beautiful to see! The snowy línen and delicate pantaloon alternates with the soiled check-shirt and bushed-breeches; for both have cast

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their coats, and under both are four limbs and a set of Patriot muscles. There do they pick and shovel; or bend forward yoked in long strings to box-barrow or overloaded tumbril, joyous, with one mind.

Abbé Siéyès is seen pulling, wiry, vehement, if too light for draught; by the side of Beauharnais, who shall get Kings though he be none. Abbé Maury did not pull; but the Charcoalmen brought a mummer guised like him, and he had to pull in effigy. Let no august Senator disdain the work: Mayor Bailly, Generalissimo Lafayette are there; and alas shall be there *again* another day! The King himself comes to see: sky-rending *Vive-le-roi!* 'and suddenly with shouldered spades they form a guard of honor round him.' Whosoever can come, comes; to work, or to look, and bless the work."

Among the great throng we catch glimpses of isolated groups, each of which forms a picture in itself.

SCENES AND INCIDENTS.

"Whole families have come. One whole family we see clearly of three generations: the father picking, the mother shoveling, the young ones wheeling assiduous; old grandfather, hoary with ninety-three years, holds in his arms the youngest of all: frisky, not helpful this one, who nevertheless may tell it to *his* grandchildren; and how the Future and the Past alike looked on, and with failing or with half-formed voice, faltered out their *ça-ira*. A vintner has wheeled in, on Patriot truck, a cask of wine; 'Drink not, my brothers, if ye are not thirsty; that your cask may last the longer:' neither did any drink but men 'evidently exhausted.' A dapper

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Abbé looks on sneering: 'To the barrow!' cry several; whom he, lest a worse thing befall him, obeys: nevertheless one wiser Patriot barrowman, arriving now, interposes his '*arretez*'; setting down his own barrow, he snatches the Abbé's; trundles it fast, like an infected thing, forth of the Champ-de-Mars circuit, and discharges it *there*.

"Thus too a certain person (of some quality or private capital, to appearance), entering hastily, flings down his coat, waistcoat, and two watches, and is rushing to the thick of the work: 'But your watches?' cries the general voice.—'Does one distrust his brothers?' answers he; nor were the watches stolen. How beautiful is noble sentiment: like gossamer gauze, beautiful and cheap; which will stand no tear and wear! Beautiful cheap gossamer gauze, thou film-shadow of a raw material of Virtue, which art *not* woven, nor likely to be, into Duty; thou art better than nothing, and also worse!

"Young Boarding-school Boys, College Students, shout *Vive la Nation*, and regret they have yet 'only their sweat to give.' What say we of Boys? Beautifulest Hebes; the loveliest of Paris, in their light air-robes, with ribband-girdle of tricolor, are there; shoveling and wheeling with the rest; their Hebe eyes brighter with enthusiasm, their long hair in beautiful dishevelment; hard-pressed are their small fingers; but they make the patriot barrow go, and even force it to the summit of the slope (with a little tracing which what man's arm were not too happy to lend?)—then bound down with it again, and go for more, with their long locks and tricolors blown back; graceful as the rosy hours."

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THE EVENING BEFORE THE DAY.

"O, as that evening Sun fell over the Champ de Mars, and tinted with fire the thick umbrageous boscage that shelters it on this hand and on that, and struck direct on those Domes and two-and-forty windows of the École Militaire, and made them all of burnished gold, —saw he on his wide zodiac road other such sight? A living garden spotted and dotted with such flowerage; all colors of the prism; the beautifulest blend friendly with the usefulest; all growing and working brotherlike there, under one warm feeling, were it but for days; once and no second time! But Night is sinking; these Nights, too, into Eternity. The hastiest traveler Versailles-ward has drawn bridle on the heights of Chaillot: and looks for moments over the River; reporting at Versailles what he saw, not without tears."

But while the theatre is being thus prepared, the actors are assembling, not from Paris only, but from all quarters of France; for Paris is the heart of France, from which and to which the life-current surges back and forth:

THE THRONGING OF THE FEDERATES.

"Meanwhile, from all points of the compass, Federates are arriving: fervid children of the South, who 'glory in their Mirabeau;' considerate North-blooded Mountaineers of Jura; sharp Bretons, with their Gaelic suddenness; Normans not to be overreached in bargain: all now animated with one noblest fire of Patriotism. Whom the Paris brethren march forth to receive; with military solemnities, with fraternal embracing, and a hos-

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pitality worthy of the heroic ages. They assist at the Assembly's Debates, these Federates; the Galleries are reserved for them. They assist in the toils of the Champ de Mars; each new troop will put its hand to the spade; lift a hod of earth on the Altar of the Fatherland. But the flourishes of rhetoric, for it is a gesticulating People; the moral-sublime of those Addresses to an august Assembly, to a Patriot Restorer! One Breton Captain of Federates kneels even, in a fit of enthusiasm, and gives up his sword; he wet-eyed to a King wet-eyed. Poor Louis! These, as he said afterwards, were among the bright days of his life."

But on the evening before the great day it was bruited abroad that a misguided municipality proposed that admittance to the august ceremonial should be by tickets. Patriotism was naturally indignant, and gave free vent to its indignation.

TICKETS OR NO TICKETS.

"'Was it by tickets that we were admitted to the work; and to what brought the work? Did we take the Bastile by tickets?' A misguided municipality sees the error; at late midnight rolling drums announce to Patriotism, starting half out of its bed-clothes, that it is to be ticketless. Pull down thy night-cap therefore; and with demi-articulate significance grumble, significant of many things, go to sleep again. To-morrow is Wednesday morning: unforgetable among the *fasti* of the world."

THE OVERTURE TO THE PLAY.

"The morning comes, cold for a July one; but such a festivity would make Greenland smile. Through every

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inlet of that National Amphitheatre (for it is a league in circuit, cut through with openings at due intervals), floods in the living throng; covers, without tumult, space after space. The École Militaire has galleries and over-vaulting canopies, wherein Carpentry and Painting have vied, for the upper Authorities; triumphal arches, at the Gate by the River, bear inscriptions, if weak, yet well-meant and orthodox. Far aloft, over the Altar of the Fatherland, on their tall crane standards of iron, swing pensile our antique *Cassolettes* or Pans of Incense; dispensing sweet incense-fumes,—unless for the Heathen Mythology one sees not for whom. Two hundred thousand Patriotic Men; and twice as good, one hundred thousand Patriotic Women, all decked and glorified as one can fancy, sit waiting on this Champ de Mars.

"What a picture: that circle of bright-eyed life, spread up there on its thirty-seated Slope; leaning, one would say, on the thick umbrage of those Avenue-Trees, for the stems of them are hidden by the height; and all beyond it mere greenness of Summer Earth, with the gleams of waters, or the white sparklings of stone-edifices: little circular enamel-picture in the centre of such a vase of emeralds! A vase not empty: the Invalides Cupolas want not their population, nor the distant Windmills of Montmartre; on the remotest steeple and invisible village belfry stand men with spy-glasses. On the heights of Chaillot are many-colored undulating groups; round and far-on, over all the circling heights that embosom Paris, it is as one more or less peopled Amphitheatre; which the eye grows dim with measuring. Nay, heights, as was before hinted, have cannon; and a floating battery of cannon is on the Seine. When the eye fails, ear shall serve; and all France properly is but

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one Amphitheatre; for in paved town and unpaved hamlet men walk listening; till the muffled thunder sound audible on their horizon, that they too may begin swearing and firing.

"But now, to streams of music, come Federates enough,—for they have assembled on the Boulevard Saint-Antoine or thereby, and come marching through the City, with their eighty-three Department Banners, and blessings not loud but deep; comes National Assembly, and takes seat under its canopy; comes Royalty and takes seat on a throne beside it. And Lafayette, on white charger, is here, and all the civic Functionaries; and the Federates form dances till their strictly military evolutions and manœuvres can begin."

THE RISING OF THE CURTAIN.

"Evolutions and manœuvres? Task not the pen of mortal to describe them: truant imagination droops:—declares that it is not worth the while. There is wheeling and sweeping, to slow, to quick, and double-quick time. Sieur Motier, or Generalissimo Lafayette, for they are one and the same, and he is General of France, in the King's stead, for four-and-twenty hours; Sieur Motier must step forth, with that sublime chivalrous gait of his; solemnly ascend the steps of Fatherland's Altar, in sight of Heaven and the scarcely breathing Earth; and, under the creak of those swinging *Cassolettes*, 'pressing his sword's point firmly there,' pronounce the Oath, *To King, to Law, and Nation*, in his own name and that of France. Whereat there is waving of banners, and acclaim sufficient. The National Assembly must swear, standing in its place; the King himself audibly. The King swears; and now *he* the welkin split with vivats;

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let the Citizens enfranchised embrace, each smiting heartily his palm into his fellow's; and armed Federates clang their arms: above all, that floating battery speak! It has spoken,—to the four corners of France. From eminence to eminence bursts the thunder: faint-heard, loud-repeated.

"What a stone cast into what a lake; in circles that do *not* grow fainter. From Arras to Avignon; from Metz to Bayonne! Over Orleans and Blois it rolls in cannon-recitative; Puy bellows of it amid his granite mountains; Pau, where is the shell-cradle of the Great Henri. At far Marseilles, one can think, the ruddy evening witnesses it; over the deep blue Mediterranean waters, the Castle of If, ruddy-tinted, darts forth from every cannon's mouth its tongue of fire; and all the people shout: 'Yes, France is free!' O glorious France, that has burst out so; into universal sound and smoke; and attained—the Phrygian *Cap* of Liberty. In all towns Trees of Liberty may be planted; with or without advantage. It was the highest stretch attained by the Thespian Art on this planet, or perhaps attainable."

But the grand spectacular melodrama had soon assumed the aspect of a comedy, more or less genteel; for the national banners must be blessed; and who of all men living should do this but the limping unbeliever, Talleyrand-Périgord, Bishop of Autun?

BISHOP TALLEYRAND'S BLESSING.

"A most proper operation; since surely without Heaven's blessing bestowed, say even audibly or inaudibly *sought*, no Earthly banner or contrivance can prove vic-

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torious: but now the means of doing it? By what thrice-divine Franklin thunder-rod shall miraculous fire be drawn out of Heaven; and descend gently, life-giving, with health to the souls of men? Alas, by the simplest: by two hundred Shaven-crowned Individuals, 'in snow-white albs, with tri-colored girdles,' arranged on the steps of Fatherland's Altar; and at their head for Spokesman, Soul's-Overseer Talleyrand-Périgord! These shall act as miraculous thunder-rod,—to such length as they can.

"O ye deep azure Heavens, and thou green all-nursing Earth; ye Streams ever-flowing; deciduous Forests that die and are born again continually, like the sons of men; Stone Mountains that die daily with every rain-shower, yet are not dead and leveled for ages of ages, nor born again (it seems) but with new world-explosions, and such tumultuous seething and tumbling, steam halfway to the Moon; O thou unfathomable mystic All, garment and dwelling place of the Unnamed; and thou, articulate-speaking Spirit of Man, who mouldest and modelest that Unfathomable Unnameable even as we see, —is not *there* a miracle: That some French mortal should, we say not have believed, but to pretend to imagine that he believed that Talleyrand and Two Hundred pieces of white Calico could do it!"

But the genteel comedy, got up with such rare Thespian skill, and with all the stage-properties, is a transformation-piece, and all at once changes into a broad farce. The heavens send down, instead of gentle dews of blessing, something very different, and altogether unprayed for by Bishop Talleyrand and his assisting two hundred:

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THE TRANSFORMATION-SCENE.

"Here, however, we are to remark, with the sorrowing Historians of that day, that suddenly, while Episcopus Talleyrand, long-stoled, with mitre and tri-colored belt, was yet but hitching up the Altar-steps to do his miracle, the material Heaven grew black; a north-wind, moaning cold moisture, began to sing; and there descended a very deluge of rain.

"Sad to see! the thirty-staired seats all around our Amphitheatre, get instantaneously slated with mere umbrellas, fallacious when so thick set: our antique *Cassolettes* become water-pots; their incense-smoke gone hissing, in a whiff of muddy vapor. Alas, instead of vivats, there is nothing now but the furious peppering and rattling. From three to four hundred thousand human individuals feel that they have a skin; happily *im*pervious. The General's sash runs water: how all military banners droop; and will not wave, but lazily flap, as if metamorphosed into painted tin banners! Worse, far worse, those hundred thousand, such is the Historian's testimony, of the fairest of France! Their snowy muslins all splashed and draggled; the ostrich-feather shrunk shamefully into the backbone of a feather: all caps are ruined; innermost pasteboard molten into its original pap: Beauty no longer swims decorated in her garniture, like Love-goddess hidden-revealed in her Paphian clouds, but struggles in disastrous imprisonment in it, for 'the shape was noticeable'; and now only sympathetic interjections, titterings, teeheeings, and resolute good-humor will avail. A deluge; an incessant sheet or fluid-column of rain;—such that our Overseer's very mitre is but a filled and leaky fire-bucket on his reverend head! Regardless of which, Overseer Talleyrand performs his miracle: the Blessing

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of Talleyrand, another than that of Jacob, is on all the Eighty-three Departmental Flags of France; which wave or flap with such thankfulness as needs. Toward three o'clock the sun beams out again: the remaining evolutions can be transacted under bright heavens, though with decorations much damaged."

THE FINALE OF THE DRAMA.

"On Wednesday our Federation is consummated: but the festivities last out the week, and over into the next. Festivities such as no Bagdad Caliph or Aladdin with the Lamp could have equaled. There is a Jousting on the River, with its water-somersets and haha-ing. Abbé Fauchet, *Te Deum* Fauchet preaches, for his part, in the 'rotunda' of the Corn-market, a funeral harangue on Franklin, for whom the National Assembly has lately gone three days in black. The Motier and Lepelletier tables still groan with viands; roofs ringing with patriotic toasts. On the fifth evening, which is the Christian Sabbath, there is a universal Ball. Paris, out of doors and in, man, woman, and child, is jigging it, to the sound of harp and four-stringed fiddle.

"To the Champs Elysées—Fields well named Elysian—all feet tend in the evening. It is radiant as day with festooned lamps; little oil-cups, like variegated fire-flies, faintly illumine the highest leaves: trees there are all sheeted with variegated fire, shedding far a glimmer into the dubious wood. There, under the free sky, do tight-limbed Federates, with the fairest new-found sweethearts, elastic as Diana, and not of that coyness and tart humor of Diana, thread their jocund mazes all through the ambrosial night; and hearts were touched and fired; and seldom had our old Planet, in that huge conic shadow

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of hers, 'which goes beyond the Moon and is named *Night*,' curtained such a Ball-room. If, according to Seneca, the very gods look down on a good man struggling with Adversity, and smile; what must they think of Five-and-twenty million different ones victorious over it,—for eight days and more?"

Perhaps such a description hardly accords with the so-called "dignity of history"; but, to our mind, for a few such we could well spare many hundreds of pages of official protocols and manifestoes, of debates in parliaments and congresses and diets, of marchings, counter-marchings, and cannonadings, and the like, which clutter up our libraries.

Carlyle is, as far as we know, the first English-writing historian who has even attempted to write with anything like fairness of what has come to be known as the "Reign of Terror." Consult your Alison, for instance, and you will be told in effect that the streets of Paris swam in blood, and that the guillotine sheared off the heads of the noblest in France—those of them, at least, who were not fusilladed or noyaded. Let us, with Carlyle, take a fair view of the matter, and of some others akin to it:

THE REIGN OF TERROR.

"It was the frightfulest thing ever born of Time? One of the frightfulest. The Convention, when it had grown Antijacobin, did, with an eye to justify and fortify

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itself, publish Lists of what the Reign of Terror had perpetrated: Lists of Persons Guillotined. 'The Lists,' cries the splenetic Abbé Montgalliard, 'were not complete.' They contain the names of—How many persons thinks the Reader?—Two thousand all but a few. 'There were above Four thousand,' cries Montgalliard: 'So many were guillotined, fusilladed, noyaded, done to dire death; of whom Nine hundred were women.' It is a horrible sum of human lives, M. l'Abbé:—some ten times as many shot rightly on a field of battle, and one might have had his Glorious-Victory with *Te Deum*. It is not far from the two-hundredth part of what perished in the entire Seven-Years' War. By which Seven-Years' War did not the great Fritz wrench Silesia from the great Theresa; and a Pompadour, stung by epigrams, satisfy herself that she could not be an Agnes Sorel? The head of man is a strange vacant sounding-shell, M. l'Abbé; and studies Cocker to small purpose.

"But what if History somewhere on this Planet were to hear of a Nation, the third soul of whom had not, for thirty weeks each year, as many third-rate potatoes as would sustain him? History, in that case, feels bound to consider that starvation is starvation; that starvation from age to age presupposes much. History ventures to assert that the French Sansculottes of Ninety-three, who, roused from their long death-sleep, could rush at once to the frontiers, and die fighting for an immortal Hope and Faith of Deliverance for him and his, was but the *second*-miserablest of men! The Irish Sans-potato, had he not senses then; nay, a soul! In his frozen darkness, it was bitter for him to die famishing; bitter to see his children famish. It was bitter for him to be a beggar, a liar, and a knave. Nay, if that dreary Greenland-wind

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of benighted want, perennial from sire to son, had frozen him into a kind of torpor and dumb callosity, so that he saw not, felt not,—was this, for a creature with a soul in it, some assuagement; or the cruelest wretchedness of all?

"Such things were; such things are; and they go on in silence peaceably:—and Sansculottisms follow them. History looking back over this France through long times, back to Turgot's time for instance, when dumb Drudgery staggered up to the King's Palace, and, in wide expanse of sallow faces, squalor, and winged raggedness, presented hieroglyphically its Petition of Grievances; and for answer got hanged on a 'new gallows forty feet high,'—confesses mournfully that there is no period to be met with in which the general Twenty-five millions of France suffered *less* than in this period which they name the Reign of Terror! But it was not the Dumb Millions that suffered here; it was the Speaking Thousands, and Hundreds, and Units, who shrieked and published and made the world ring with their wail, as they could and should: that is the grand peculiarity. The frightfulest Births of Time are never the loud-speaking ones, for these soon die; they are the silent ones, which can live from century to century! Anarchy, hateful as Death, is abhorrent to the whole nature of man; and so must itself soon die."

The moral and conclusion of the whole matter is that which Carlyle iterates and reiterates throughout the best parts of his subsequent works; but nowhere better and upon more fit occasion than here at the close of the Reign of Terror:

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THE MILL OF THE GODS.

"Wherefore let all men know what of depth and height is still revealed in man; and with fear and wonder, with just sympathy and just antipathy, with clear eye and open heart, contemplate it and appropriate it; and draw innumerable influences from it. This inference, for example, among the first: That, if the gods of this lower world will sit on their glittering thrones, indolent as Epicurus's gods, with the living chaos of Ignorance and Hunger weltering uncared-for at their feet, and smooth Parasites preaching 'Peace, peace, when there is no peace,' then the dark Chaos, it would seem, will rise; —has risen, and O Heavens! has it not tanned their skins into breeches for itself? That there be no second Sansculottism on our Earth for a thousand years, let us understand well what the first was; and let rich and poor of us go and do *otherwise*."

Carlyle closes his History with the "whiff of grape-shot" by which Bonaparte put down the mutinous sections of Paris. The true close of the Revolution, in our judgment, is when he as First Consul became virtual Dictator of France. But, to have brought his History down to that point, he would have had to make Bonaparte the central and indeed the only important figure; and Carlyle had early taken what he would have called a "scunner" against Bonaparte, and could never have fairly represented him. In one of his talks, as we have seen, he characterizes him as "the great highwayman of history, his habit being to

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clutch king or kaiser by the throat, and swear by the Eternal, 'If you don't stand and deliver instantly, I'll blow your brains out!' A profitable trade he did at this sort of thing, until another man—Arthur, Duke of Wellington by name—succeeded in clutching him, and there was the end of him."

This dislike of Napoleon, indeed, crops out almost everywhere when he has occasion to speak of him. The best thing which, as far as we recall, Carlyle has ever suffered himself to say of Napoleon, is said almost incidentally in the essay upon Walter Scott:

CHARACTER OF NAPOLEON.

"A great man is ever, as the Transcendentalists speak, possessed with an *idea*. Napoleon himself, not the superfinest of great men, and ballasted sufficiently with prudences and egoisms, had nevertheless, as is clear enough, an idea to start with: The idea that Democracy was the Cause of Man, the right and infinite Cause. Accordingly he made himself 'the armed Soldier of Democracy'; and did vindicate it in a rather great manner. Nay, to the very last he had a kind of idea, that, namely, of '*La carrière ouverte au talens*, the tools to him who can handle them'; really one of the best ideas yet promulgated on that matter; or, rather, the one true central idea, toward which all the others, if they tend anywhere, must tend. Unhappily it was in the military province only that Napoleon could realize this idea of his; being forced to fight for himself the while. Before he got it tried to any considerable extent in the civil

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province of things, his head by much victory grew light (no head can stand more than its quantity); and he lost head, as they say, and became a selfish ambitionist and quack, and was hurled out; leaving his idea to be realized in the great civil province of things by others."

Carlyle seems from the very outset to have imbibed a strong dislike, not unmingled with contempt, for most Frenchmen. He has indeed some patronizing pats on the shoulder for Voltaire and Rousseau; but the only Frenchmen of whom we recall his speaking with anything approaching hearty liking are Mirabeau and Danton. To Robespierre he is, in our judgment, persistently unfair—we do not like to say dishonest. Throughout the History he is scarcely mentioned without a sneer. And, in the essay on Mirabeau, Robespierre is thus contemptuously dealt with:

MAXIMILIEN ROBESPIERRE.

"Consider Maximilien Robespierre; for the greater part of two years what one may call Autocrat of France. A poor sea-green (*verdâtre*), atrabiliar Formula of a man, without head, without heart or any grace, gift, or even vice beyond common, if it were not vanity, astucity, diseased rigor (which some count strength) as of a cramp; really a most poor sea-green individual in spectacles; meant by Nature for a Methodist parson of the stricter sort, to doom men who departed from the written Confession; to chop fruitless shrill logic; to contend and suspect, and ineffectually wrestle and wriggle; and, on the whole, to love or to know, or to be (properly speak-

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ing) Nothing;—this was he who, the sport of the wracking winds, saw himself whirled aloft to command *la première nation de l'univers*, and all men shouting long life to him; one of the most lamentable, tragic, sea-green objects ever whirled aloft in that manner, in any country, to his own swift destruction and the world's long wonder."

We, for our own part, and not without considerable consideration and meditation, believe that (Oliver Cromwell not excepted) there is no other man who has played a great part in troublous times whom History has so persistently and cruelly maligned and misrepresented; and we believe that some day the man will arise who will secure for the memory of the French Autocrat that meed of justice which Carlyle has secured for the memory of the great English Lord Protector. Carlyle himself in the end, when describing the terrible tragedy of the death of Robespierre, almost seems inclined to do something like tardy justice to the man:

THE DEATH OF ROBESPIERRE.

"Robespierre lay in an anteroom of the Convention Hall, while his Prison-escort was getting ready; the mangled jaw bound up rudely with bloody linen: a spectacle to men. He lies stretched on a table, a deal box his pillow; the sheath of the pistol with which he had shot himself, is still clenched convulsively in his hand. Men bully him, insult him: his eyes indicate intelligence; he speaks no word. . . . The death-tumbrils with their motley batch of Outlaws, some twenty-three or so, roll

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on. All eyes are on Robespierre's Tumbril, where he, his jaw bound in dirty linen, with his half-dead brother and half-dead Henriot, lie shattered; the seventeen hours of agony about to end. The Gendarmes point their swords at him, to show the people which is he. A woman springs on the Tumbril; clutching the side of it with one hand; waving the other sibyl-like; and exclaims: 'The death of thee gladdens my very heart, *m'énivre de joie!*' Robespierre opened his eyes: '*Scélérat*, go down to Hell with the curses of all wives and mothers!' At the foot of the scaffold they stretched him on the ground till his turn came. Lifted aloft, his eyes again opened; caught the bloody axe. Samson wrenched the coat off him; wrenched the dirty linen from his jaw: the jaw fell powerless, there burst from him a cry;—hideous to hear and see. Samson, thou canst not be too quick!

"Samson's work done, there bursts forth shout on shout of applause. Shout which prolongs itself not only over Paris, but over France, but over Europe, and down to this generation. Deservedly, and also undeservedly. O unhappiest Advocate of Arras, wert thou worse than other Advocates? Stricter man, according to his formula, to his Credo and his Cant, of probities, benevolences, pleasures-of-virtue, and suchlike, lived not in that age. A man fitted, in some luckier settled age, to have become one of those incorruptible barren Pattern-Figures, and have had marble-tablets and funeral-sermons. His poor Landlord, the Cabinet-maker in the Rue Saint-Honoré, loved him; his Brother died for him. May God be merciful to him and to us!"

We think it not unlikely that the British public, if left to themselves, would in course of time

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have discovered that this Thomas Carlyle was a man not altogether destitute of talent; but they were fearfully slow in finding it out. The "French Revolution," like "Sartor Resartus," was famous in America long before it excited any special notice in England. The "Athenæum" (which Bulwer styled the "Assinæum") pitched into it briefly, and in its most flippant style. Still there were some Englishmen who appreciated Carlyle; and among them were his two friends Mill, the editor of the "Westminster Review," and John Sterling. In 1839 Sterling put forth in the "Review" a highly laudatory critique upon Carlyle, who thus in his "Life of Sterling" refers to it:

"I well remember the deep silent joy, not of a weak or ignoble nature, which it gave to myself in my then mood and situation; as well it might. The first generous human recognition, expressed with heroic emphasis, a clear conviction visible amidst its fiery exaggerations, that one's poor battle in this world is not quite a mad and futile; that it is perhaps a worthy and manful one, which will come to something yet. The thought burnt in me like a lamp for several days, lighting up into a sort of heroic splendor the sad volcanic wrecks, abysses, and convulsions of said poor battle."

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VI.

CHARTISM.—HEROES AND HERO-WORSHIP.—PAST AND PRESENT.

EARLY in 1840 Carlyle put forth "Chartism," a little book, or rather pamphlet, evidently hastily written. Heretofore he had appeared mainly as an ethical philosopher and historian. He now took upon himself the character of a political philosopher, treating upon the rights and wrongs, the duties and obligations, of civil and political and social life. "A feeling," he says, "very generally exists that the condition and disposition of the working classes is a rather ominous matter at present; that something ought to be done in regard to it. . . . To us individually, this matter appears, and has for many years appeared, to be the most ominous of all practical matters whatever; matter in regard to which if something be not done, something will *do* itself one day, and in a fashion that will please nobody. The time is verily come for acting in it; how much more for consultation about acting in it; for speech and articulate inquiry about it."

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF CHARTISM.

"We are aware that, according to the Newspapers Chartism is extinct; that a Reformed Ministry has 'put

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down the Chimera of Chartism' in the most felicitous effectual manner. So say the Newspapers;—and yet, alas, most readers of newspapers know withal that it is indeed the 'Chimera' of Chartism, and not the Reality, which has been 'put down.' The distracted incoherent embodiment of Chartism, whereby in late months it took shape and became visible, has been put down; or rather has fallen down and gone asunder by Gravitation and the Law of Nature: but the living essence of Chartism has not been put down.

"Chartism means the bitter discontent, grown fierce and mad, the wrong condition of the Working Classes of England. It is a new name for a thing which has had many names, and which will yet have many. The matter of Chartism is weighty, deep-rooted, far-extending; did not begin yesterday; will by no means end this day or to-morrow. Reform Ministry, constabulary, rural police, new levy of soldiers, grants of money to Birmingham; all this is well, or is not well; all this will only put down the Embodiment or 'Chimera' of Chartism. The Essence continuing, new and ever new embodiments, Chimeras madder or less mad, have to continue.

"The melancholy fact does remain, that this thing known at present by the name of Chartism does exist; has existed; and either 'put down' into secret treason, with rusty pistols, vitriol-bottle and match-box, or openly brandishing pike and torch (one knows not in which case *more* fatal looking), is like to exist till quite other methods have been tried with it. What means this bitter discontent of the Working Classes? Whence comes it; whither goes it? Above all, at what price, on what terms, will it probably consent to depart from us and die into rest? These are the questions."

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Grave questions these; and this other which is also asked: "What are the Rights, what are the Mights of the discontented Working Classes of England at this epoch?" And well may Carlyle aver that "He were an Œdipus, and deliverer from sad social pestilence, who could resolve us fully." But one is sorry to say that the Chelsea Sage is not the Œdipus who has, even in any approximate degree, solved this Sphinx riddle. He, however, has got sure grasp of one of the elements of the solution: The right to work is the right of the working man. "A man willing to work, and unable to find work," he says, "is perhaps the saddest sight that Fortune's inequality exhibits under this Sun." But how to make this right into a might is the question. Of one other thing Carlyle is also sure: apropos of the English Poor-Law he says:

WORKING OR STARVATION.

"Any law, however well-meant as a law, which has become a bounty on unthrift, idleness, bastardy, and beer-drinking, must be put an end to. In all ways it needs, especially in these times, to be proclaimed aloud that for the idle man there is no place in this England of ours. He that will not work, and save according to his means, let him go elsewhither; let him know that for *him* the Law has made no soft provision, but a hard and stern one; that by the Law of Nature, which the Law of England would vainly contend against in the long run, *he* is doomed either to quit these habits, or be

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miserably extruded from this Earth, which is made on principles different from these.

"He that will not work according to his faculty, let him perish according to his necessity: there is no law juster than that. Would to heaven one could preach it abroad into the hearts of all sons and daughters of Adam, for it is a law applicable to all; and bring it to bear, with a practical application, strict as the Poor-Law Bastille, on all. We had then, in good truth, a 'perfect Constitution of Society'; and 'God's fair Earth and Task-garden, where whosoever is not working must be begging or stealing,' were then actually what always, through so many changes and struggles, it is endeavoring to become."

To all of which we say Amen! provided only that we could, now and for ever hereafter, utterly abolish that saddest of sights, a man willing to work and unable to find work. But, alas! as was true in 1840, so it is this day still more true: this saddest of sights forces itself upon us at every turn. It forces itself upon Carlyle in sequestered Craigenputtoch. We remember what he said to Emerson five-and-forty years ago: "Poor Irish folk come wandering over these moors. My dame makes it a rule to give to every son of Adam bread to eat, and supplies his wants to the next house; but here are thousands of acres which might give them all meat, and nobody to bid these poor Irish to go to the moor and till it." Nobody, not even Thomas Carlyle, the proprietor, in right of his wife, of some of those acres of moorland. Of this Irish question he has something to say:

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THE IRISH QUESTION.

"We English pay, even now, the bitter smart of long centuries of injustice to our neighbor Island. Injustice, doubt it not, abounds; or Ireland would not be miserable. The Earth is good, bountifully sends food and increase; if mán's unwisdom did not intervene and forbid. It was an evil day when Strigul first meddled with that people. He could not extirpate them: could they but have agreed together, and extirpated him! Violent men there have been, and merciful; unjust rulers, and just; conflicting in a great element of violence, these five wild centuries now; and the violent and unjust have carried it, and we are come to *this*. England is guilty towards Ireland; and reaps at last, in full measure, the fruit of full fifteen generations of wrong-doing."

If this, and much more to the same purport, was to have been said of English rule over the five millions or so of Ireland, what shall be said of that rule over the two hundred millions of India? "It was an evil day when Strigul first meddled with *that* people. Could *they* but have agreed together and extirpated him!" What for a day was it when some more unscrupulous Striguls first meddled with this other people? Shall we adopt the remainder of the quotation?

In 1840 Carlyle delivered a series of six public lectures on "Heroes and Hero-Worship," to a London audience, "few" certainly, but we trust "fit." These were soon after published in book form. Of this work we have little to say. It

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contains not a few noble and eloquent passages. Of these we cite but a single one, and that because it bears directly upon a theme which was soon to engross for some time the best thoughts of Carlyle:

CROMWELL'S PLACE IN HISTORY.

"As things gradually became manifest the character of the Puritans began to clear itself. Their memories were one after another taken down from the gibbet; nay, a certain portion of them are now as good as canonized. . . . One Puritan, I think, and almost he alone, our poor Oliver, seems to hang yet on his gibbet, and finds no hearty apologist anywhere. His dead body was hung in chains; his 'Place in History' has been a place of ignominy, accusation, blackness, and disgrace; and here to-day, who knows if it is not a rash act in me to be among the first to pronounce him not a knave and a liar, but a genuinely honest man?"

In 1843 Carlyle put forth his "Past and Present," a book about one half larger than "Sartor Resartus," and worth about one tenth as much. It is a kind of hodge-podge, or *olla podrida*, compounded somewhat in this wise: Eight centuries ago or thereabouts, Henry the Second being King of England, a hitherto obscure monk, named Samson, was most unexpectedly made Abbot of the great monastery of St. Edmundsbury. Abbot Samson found the monastery in the most deplorable condition every way. The monks were given to wine-bibbing and gluttony; so much so that

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they were forced to have stated times of bloodletting (*tempora minutionis*), this necessary sanatory operation being undergone in common. Moreover, the mere temporal affairs of the monastery had gone to the bad. The vast revenues of St. Edmund had been fearfully squandered, and the Saint was terribly in debt to Hebrew moneylenders, whose bonds, duly executed, at double, triple, or tenfold compound interest, had become awful to contemplate.

We give a single specimen of monkish and Hebrew financiering in those days, as set down by Brother Jocelyn de Brakelond (of whom we shall speak anon), giving the sums in coin at our present valuation.* Some repairs were required on the convent buildings, and, there being no money in the treasury, Abbot Hugo, the predecessor of Samson, borrowed 540 dollars from "Benedict the Jew" to make these repairs. The account ran on for a while, until with interest the debt amounted to 10,000 dollars, when Benedict began to press for payment. Moreover, Abbot Hugo had from time to time borrowed other sums from Benedict, amounting in all, interest added, to another 10,000 dollars. There is still no money in St. Edmund's treasury, and Abbot Hugo has to ask for an "ex-

* As nearly as we can estimate, the purchasing power of gold and silver coin at that time was about twenty times greater than at present; that is, a pound was equivalent to a hundred of our dollars.

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tension." This is granted by Benedict upon certain terms, which were that Abbot Hugo should give him new bonds, sealed with the seal of the Saint, for 40,000 dollars, payable in four years. The four years pass, and still there is no money in St. Edmund's treasury. So Benedict and Hugo make a new arrangement. The Abbot shall give to the Jew a bond for 88,800 dollars, to be paid in installments at the rate of 8,000 dollars a year. Somehow all this has grown out of loans amounting in all to 10,540 dollars. Nor is this the whole. Benedict has memoranda of certain "small debts, fourteen years old," due him from St. Edmund. Putting all together, the Hebrew's whole claim foots up 120,000 dollars "besides interest."

All these abuses, and many more, Abbot Samson undertook to put an end to; and he accomplished the work in an incredibly short space of time, and thereafter came to be in many ways one of the most notable men of his time. Yet of him after times narrowly missed knowing anything at all. Such profound historians as Hume and Lingard never heard of the man; nor would Carlyle or we have ever heard of him save for a sort of accident. But it so happened that there was in the monastery a young monk, Jocelyn de Brakelond by name, who knew him very well, being, as he says, "Chaplain to my Lord Abbot, living beside him night and day for the space of six years." This Jocelyn got into the way of jotting down

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from time to time, in the most monkish of Monk-Latin, a kind of Boswellian record of what he saw or had heard concerning the sayings and doings of Abbot Samson, which record grew into a manuscript of considerable size, the title of it being, "Chronica Jocelini de Brakelonda, de Rebus Gestis Samsonis Abbatis Monasterii Sancti Edmundi" ("Chronicle of Jocelyn of Brakelond, of Things Done by Abbot Samson of the Monastery of St. Edmund"). Of this monk and this manuscript of his Carlyle thus writes:

JOCELYN OF BRAKELOND.

"He was a kind of born *Boswell*, though an infinitesimally small one; neither did he altogether want his *Johnson* even there and then. Johnsons are rare; yet as has been asserted, Boswells still rarer,—the more is the pity on both sides! This Jocelyn, as we can discern well, was an ingenious and ingenuous, a cheery-hearted, innocent, yet withal shrewd, noticing, quick-witted man; and from under his monk's cowl has looked out on that narrow section of the world in a really *human* manner; not in any *simial*, canine, ovine or otherwise *in*human manner, afflictive to all that have humanity! The man is of patient, peaceable, loving, clear-smiling nature; open for this and that. A wise simplicity is in him; much natural sense; a *veracity* that goes deeper than words. Veracity: it is the basis of all; and some say it means genius itself; the prime essence of all genius whatsoever.

"Our Jocelyn for the rest, has read his classical manuscripts, his Virgilius, his Flaccus, Ovidius Naso; of

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course still more, his Homilies and Breviaries, and if not the Bible, considerable extracts of the Bible. Then also he has a pleasant wit; and loves a timely joke, though in a mild subdued manner, very amiable to see. A learned grown man, yet with the heart as of a good child; whose whole life indeed has been that of a child—St. Edmundsbury monastery a larger kind of cradle for him, in which his whole prescribed duty was to *sleep* kindly, and love his mother well! This is the Biography of Jocelyn; 'a man of excellent religion,' says one of his contemporary Brother Monks, '*eximiæ religionis, potens sermone et opere.*'

"For one thing, he had learned to write a kind of Monk or Dog Latin, still readable to mankind; and, by good luck for us, had bethought him of noting down thereby what things seemed notablest to him. Hence gradually resulted a *Chronica Jocelini;* new manuscript in the *Liber Albus* of St. Edmundsbury. Which Chronicle, once written in its childlike transparency, in its innocent good-humor, not without touches of ready pleasant wit and many kinds of worth, other men liked naturally to read; whereby it failed not to be copied, to be multiplied, to be inserted in the *Liber Albus;* and so surviving Henry the Eighth, Putney Cromwell, the dissolution of Monasteries, and all the accidents of malice and neglect for six centuries or so, it got into the *Harleian Collection*—and has now therefrom, by Mr. Rokewood of the Camden Society, been deciphered into clear print; and lies before us, a dainty thin quarto, to interest for a few minutes whomsoever it can."

Of this "Chronica Jocelini," Carlyle, who was at the time, we suppose, mainly busied upon his

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"Cromwell," undertook to give a sort of abstract and summary, intending it most likely for some review; but at length made up his mind to add to it, by way of prefix and supplement, sundry pages of his own upon matters and things in general which had gradually accumulated upon his table without having been "translated into print." This prefatory and supplementary matter grew, as not unfrequently happens in such cases, to be more than double the bulk of the rest; and altogether it constitutes what we have ventured to denominate the *olla podrida*, "Past and Present."

In this dish the "Past"—that is the summation of Jocelyn's Chronicle, here entitled "The Ancient Monk"—is the essential meat, a little tough perhaps, yet always sound; while the remainder, under such chapter heads as "Midas," "Sphinx," "Morrison's Pill," "Gospel of Mammonism," "Happy," "Gospel of Dilettantism," "Plugson of Undershot," "Labor," "Democracy," "Sir Jabesh Windbag," "Captains of Industry," "The Landed," "The Gifted," and "The Didactic," are the scraps, the potatoes, the turnips, the garlic, and the dishwater, which were thrown in to fill the big pot. Not that one can not, by dextrous use of the critical fork and spoon, fish out many wholesome bits from this *olla podrida*. Thus we fish up the following from the chapter entitled "Captains of Industry":

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THE CHIVALRY OF LABOR.

"The Leaders of Industry, if Industry is ever to be led, are virtually the Captains of the World; if there be no nobleness in them, there will never be an Aristocracy more. But let the Captains of Industry consider; once again, are they born of other clay than the old Captains of Slaughter; doomed forever to be no Chivalry, but a mere Gold-plated *Doggery*—what the French well name '*Canaille*, Doggery,' with more or less Gold carrion at its disposal. Captains of Industry are the true Fighters, henceforth recognizable as the only true ones: Fighters against Chaos, Necessity, and the Devils and Jötuns; and lead on Mankind in that great, and alone true and universal warfare; the stars in their courses fighting for them, and all Heaven and all Earth saying audibly, 'Well-done!' Let the Captains of Industry retire into their own hearts and ask solemnly, If there is nothing but vulturous hunger, for fine wines, valet reputation, and gilt carriages, discoverable there? . . . . Our England, our World, cannot live as it is. It will connect itself with a God again, or go down with nameless throes and fire-consummations, to the Devils. Thou who feelest aught of such a Godhead stirring in thee, any faintest intimations of it, as though heavy-laden dreams, follow *it*, I conjure thee. Arise, save thyself, be one of those that save thy country! . . . .

"You cannot lead a Fighting World without having it regimented, chivalried; and can you any more continue to lead a Working World unregimented, anarchic? . . . . Will not one French Revolution and Reign of Terror suffice us, but must there be two? There will be two if needed; there will be twenty if needed; there will be just as many as are needed. . . .

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"Your gallant battle-hosts and work-hosts will need to be made loyally yours; they must and will be regulated, methodically secured in their just share of conquest under you;—joined with you in veritable Brotherhood, Sonhood, by quite other and deeper ties than those of temporary day's wages! How would mere red-coated regiments, to say nothing of chivalries, fight for you if you could discharge them on the evening of battle, on payment of the stipulated shillings,—and they discharge you on the morning of it! Chelsea Hospitals, pensions, promotions, rigorous lasting covenants on the one side and on the other, are indispensable even for a hired fighter. The Feudal Baron, how could he subsist with mere temporary mercenaries round him at sixpence a day; ready to go over to the other side if sevenpence were offered? . . . .

"Awake, ye noble workers, warriors in the one true war. Look around you. Your world-hosts are all in mutiny, in confusion, in destitution; on the eve of fiery wreck and madness! They will not march further for you, on the sixpence a day and supply-and-demand principle: they will not; nor ought they; nor can they. Ye shall reduce them to order; begin reducing them. To order, just subordination; noble loyalty in return for noble guidance. Their souls are driven nigh mad; let yours be sane and ever saner. Not as a bewildered, bewildering mob; but as a firm regimented mass, with real captains over them, will these men march any more. All human interests, combined human endeavors, and social growths in the world have, at a certain stage in their development, required organizing: and Work, the grandest of human interests, does now require it."

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And this, in the brief chapter entitled "Permanence," put quite hypothetically, as though too dubious to be fully declared; and yet it is a thing which a few Captains of Industry have found quite practicable; a thing which we imagine many more must not long hence find not only practicable, but absolutely indispensable:

A FREE DESPOTISM.

"A question arises here: Whether in some ulterior, perhaps some not far-distant stage of this 'Chivalry of Labor,' your Master-Worker may not find it necessary and possible to grant his Worker's *interest* in his enterprise and theirs? so that it becomes in practical result what in essential fact and justice it ever is, a joint enterprise; all men, from the Chief Master down to the lowest Overseer and Operative, economically as well as loyally concerned for it?—Which question I do not answer. The answer, near or else far, is perhaps 'Yes'; and yet one knows the difficulties. Despotism is essential in most enterprises; I am told they do not tolerate 'freedom of debate' on board a Seventy-four; Republican Senate and *Plebiscita* would not answer well in Cotton-Mills. And yet observe there too: Freedom, not nomad's or ape's Freedom, but man's Freedom; this is indispensable. We must have it, and will have it. To reconcile Despotism with Freedom! Well, is that such a mystery? Do you not already know the way? It is to make your Despotism just: rigorous as Destiny, but just, too, as Destiny and its Laws. The Laws of God: all men obey these, and have no Freedom at all but in obeying them. The way is already known, part of the way; and courage and some qualities are needed for walking on it!"

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No new teaching this, but very old, and as true as old. The kingdom of heaven is such a despotism—a despotism not arbitrary, but founded upon those eternal principles of right which stand as laws not merely to the subjects, but, with all reverence be it said, as Wordsworth has said, to the infinite being and majesty of the Supreme Ruler himself. The essential problem of a state—call it what you will, kingdom, or commonwealth, or republic—is to find or have found for it a chief ruler who can and will be in some good measure such a despot, call him what you will—king, protector, or president; or, if you please, the Parliament or the Congress.

VII.

LETTERS AND SPEECHES OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

THE Life of Oliver Cromwell yet remains to be written. Carlyle's "Letters and Speeches of Cromwell," with its running commentary upon them, is the nearest present approximation to such a Life. This work was published in 1845, two years after the appearance of "Past and Present." We have already noted the almost apologetic manner in which in 1840, in his "Heroes and Hero-Worship," he ventures the opinion that Cromwell was "not a knave and a liar, but a genu-

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inely honest man." But at this time he had no adequate conception of the great Lord Protector. This is the aspect which he presented to Carlyle when he was composing those Lectures: "The great savage Baresark: he could write no euphuistic *Monarchy of Man;* did not speak, did not work with glib regularity; has no straight story to tell for himself anywhere. But he stood bare, not cased in euphuistic coat of mail; he grappled like a giant, face to face, heart to heart, with the naked truth of things! That, after all, is the sort of man for one. I plead guilty to valuing such a man beyond all other sorts of men. Smooth-shaven Respectabilities not a few one finds, that are not good for much. Small thanks to a man for keeping his hands clean, who would not touch the work but with gloves on."

Now, "Respectability," even in the lower sense in which Carlyle here uses the word, is a very good thing; at least it involves the absence of some very bad things; and "clean hands" are not at all undesirable. Carlyle's father was a man whom no one would style other than respectable. England, in the times when Cromwell lived, had no more respectable men than the three great Johns: John Hampden, John Eliot, and John Milton. John Wesley and his brother Charles were eminently respectable men; George Washington and Benjamin Franklin were in every way respectable. A more respectable man than the

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Apostle Paul, measured by any standard, never trod the earth. We imagine that Thomas Carlyle would not thank any one who should describe him as any other than the very "respectable" person which he has always been, from Kirkcaldy School, through Craigenputtoch, to Cheyne Row, where, if he did not "keep a gig," he at least kept a horse for riding.

And when, after some four years of acquaintanceship at second or third hand with Cromwell, Carlyle came to know him better, he found him to be a very "respectable" sort of a man; so respectable, indeed, that it was not at all probable that he would like to be seen in company with sundry royal personages—Stuarts, Guelphs, and the like. A question was mooted touching which Carlyle shall speak: "Being myself questioned in reference to the new Houses of Parliament, 'Shall Cromwell have a statue there?' I had to answer with sorrowful dubiety: 'Cromwell? Side by side with a sacred Charles the Second, sacred George the Fourth, and the other sacred Charleses, Jameses, Georges, and Defenders of the Faith—I am afraid *he* wouldn't like it! Let us decide provisionally, No.'"

The preparing of these volumes of Cromwell's "Letters and Speeches" was with Carlyle a labor of love. He wished to clear the memory of Oliver from the obloquy which had been cast upon it, by "presenting the authentic utterances of the man

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himself," with such narrative and elucidation as would make them intelligible in these later days. "I have gathered them," he says, "from far and near; fished them up from foul Lethean quagmires where they lay buried. I have washed, or endeavored to wash, them clean from foreign stupidities, and the world shall now see them in their own shape." The following is Carlyle's description of the person of Cromwell as he appeared in 1653, not long after he had become Lord High Protector of the Commonwealth:

OLIVER CROMWELL'S APPEARANCE.

"'His Highness,' says Whitelocke, 'was in a rich but plain suit—black velvet, with cloak of the same; about his hat a broad band of gold.'—Does the reader see him? A rather likely figure, I think. Stands some five feet ten or more; a man of strong, solid stature, and dignified, now partly military carriage; the expression of him valor and devout intelligence—energy and delicacy, on a basis of simplicity. Fifty-four years old, gone April last; brown hair and mustache are getting gray. A figure of sufficient impressiveness—not lovely to the man-milliner species, nor pretending to be so. Massive stature; big massive head, of somewhat leonine aspect; wart above the right eyebrow; nose of considerable blunt-aquiline proportions; strict yet copious lips, full of all tremulous sensibilities, and also, if need were, of all fiercenesses and rigors; deep, loving eyes—call them grave, call them stern—looking from under those craggy brows as if in lifelong sorrow, and yet not thinking it

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sorrow, thinking it only labor and endeavor; on the whole, a right noble lion-face and hero-face; and to me royal enough."

CROMWELL AND HIS WORK.

"Working for long years in these unspeakable historic provinces, it now becomes more and more apparent to one that this man, Oliver Cromwell, was, as the popular fancy represents him, the soul of the Puritan revolt, without whom it never had been a revolt transcendently memorable, and an epoch in the world's history. And then further, altogether contrary to the popular fancy, it becomes apparent that this Oliver was not a man of falsehoods, but a man of truths; whose words do carry a meaning with them, and above all others of that time are worth considering. His words—and still more his *silences*, and unconscious instincts, when you have spelt and lovingly deciphered these also out of his words—will in several ways reward the study of an earnest man. An earnest man, I apprehend, may gather from these words of Oliver's, were there no other evidence, that the character of Oliver and the affairs he worked in is much the reverse of that mad 'jumble of hypocrisies,' etc., etc., which at present passes current as such. . . .

"We have had our 'Revolutions of eighty-eight,' officially called 'glorious,' and other revolutions not yet called glorious; and somewhat has been gained for mankind. Men's ears are not now slit off by rash officiality: Officiality will, for long henceforth, be more cautious about men's ears. The tyrannous Star-chamber branding-irons, chimerical Kings and Surplices at Allhallowtide, they are gone, or with immense velocity going. Oliver's works do follow him!—The works of a Man, bury them

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under what guano mountains and obscene owl-droppings you will, do not perish, cannot perish. What of Heroism, what of Eternal Light was in a Man and his Life, is with great exactness added to the Eternities: remains for ever a new divine portion of the Sum of Things; and no owl's voice, this way or that, in the least avails in the matter."

Of the England which followed the death of the great Lord Protector—the England of the Restoration and of the House of Hanover; the England which has overrun India, and upon whose subject provinces the sun never sets—Carlyle uttered this jeremiad four-and-thirty years ago. Who, looking at the England of to-day, will not say that the words should not now be reiterated with added emphasis?

ENGLAND AFTER THE COMMONWEALTH.

"Oliver is gone, and with him England's Puritanism, laboriously built together by this man, and made a thing memorable to all the centuries, soon goes. Puritanism, without its King, is *kingless*, anarchic; falls into dislocation, self-collision; staggers, plunges into even deeper anarchy. King, Defender of the Puritan Faith, there can none now be found; and nothing can be left but to recall the old discrowned Defender, with the remnants of his Four Surplices, and two centuries of *Hypocrisia*, and put up with all that as best we may. The Genius of England no longer soars Sunward, world-defiant, like an Eagle through the storms 'mewing its mighty youth,' as John Milton saw her do: the Genius of England, much like a greedy Ostrich intent on provender and a whole skin mainly, stands with its *other* extremity Sunward;

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with its Ostrich-head stuck into the nearest bush, of old Church-tippets, King-cloaks, or what other 'Sheltering Fallacy' there may be, and *so* awaits the issue. The issue has been slow; but it is now seen to have been inevitable. No Ostrich intent on gross terrene provender, and sticking its head into Fallacies, but will be awakened one day in a terrible *à posteriori* manner, if not otherwise. Awake before it comes to that; gods and men bid us awake! the voices of our Fathers, with a thousandfold stern monition to one and all, bid us awake!"

VIII.

THE LIFE OF JOHN STERLING.

THE publication of the "Letters and Speeches of Cromwell" marks an important epoch in the career of Carlyle. With it closed the first half century of his life, and the first quarter century of his life's work. By this time, if ever, he must have been able to "bring the ends of his thoughts together," and to gain some fixed principles of social and political ethics. Such he seemed to have gained. Social well-being, in his view, consisted in every man's finding, or having found for him, some honest work to do, and doing that work honestly. The pervading idea of his philosophy had come to be that the things of prime necessity are education, the organization of labor, emigration, if needful; and, above all things, that some-

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how or other, men must find, or have found for them, somebody to govern them. His whole theory of life and duty, as we shall have sorrowfully to show, came to stand on a very much lower plane. From an optimist he rapidly came to be the pessimist of his later years—the years of the "Latter-Day Pamphlets" and the "Life of Frederick." Frugality and Force—well enough in their way in the lower niches of his Pantheon—came to occupy the highest pedestals, to be worshiped by him and all men. His ideal of a world's Hero sank so low that Frederick of Prussia came to be its best exponent: that Frederick of whom he had once written, as we have already seen, that the net result of his famous Seven Years' War—which seven years are really the life of Frederick, without which he would have figured as a not over-brilliant and nowise heroic man; a war which cost the lives of nigh upon a million of human beings—natives of innumerable Prussian and Austrian and French and English and Russian Dumdrudges; men who had not the slightest quarrel, nor cause for quarrel, with each other—that the net result of this war was just this, as stated by Carlyle: "Did not the great Fritz wrench Silesia from the great Theresa, and a Pompadour, stung by epigrams, satisfy herself that she could not be an Agnes Sorel?"

That this "Life of Frederick" has high merits of its own we shall have occasion to say more

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fully hereafter. We shall indeed in what follows catch glimpses of the Carlyle of the "Miscellanies," of "Sartor Resartus," of the "French Revolution," and of "Oliver Cromwell." They will be only glimpses, and we shall make the most of them. But our Carlyle is no more.

For, we sorrowfully say, he had come to be, if not an insincere man, at least one only partially sincere. He had to all appearance won the victory in the fight of life; and we may write of him as he once wrote of Napoleon, "His head by victory grew light (no head can stand more than its quantity); and he lost head, as they say." For one thing, he became a great talker; or, as he would say, his "gift of gab" became fearfully developed. Men went to hear him talk, just as they were wont to go to hear Coleridge, and Macaulay, and Sydney Smith talk. And when men get to be great haranguers, they are apt to say a great many things without paying special heed as to whether they mean what they say. Margaret Fuller, who saw and heard much of Carlyle at the time of which we are now speaking (that is, about 1846), thus gives her impression of him, which we think to be very near the true measure of the man as he then was: "I understand that the habit and power of haranguing have increased very much upon him—so much that you are a perfect prisoner when he has once got hold of you. He does not converse, he only harangues. He pours upon

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you a kind of satirical, heroical, critical poem, with regular cadences, and generally catching up, near the beginning, some singular epithet which serves as a refrain when his song is full, or with which, as with a knitting-needle, he catches up the stitches if he has chanced now and then to let fall a row. For the higher kind of poetry he has no sense, and his talk on that subject is delightfully and gorgeously absurd. He sometimes stops for a minute to laugh at himself, then begins anew with fresh vigor."

The "Life of John Sterling," which was published in 1851, belongs chronologically to the second period of Carlyle's career—the period of the "Latter-Day Pamphlets," "The Nigger Question," and "Frederick the Great"; but æsthetically it belongs to the earlier and better period—the period of the "Miscellanies," "Sartor Resartus," the "French Revolution," and "Oliver Cromwell." In every way it is an admirable performance. We shall dwell but briefly upon it, and that mainly for the sake of what Carlyle finds occasion, almost incidentally, to say of Coleridge. The history of the work is this: Sterling died in 1844, at the age of thirty-eight. Great things had been expected of him, but owing to feeble health nothing very great was achieved by him. He was an intimate friend of Carlyle, who owed to him, as has been already noted, the first public recognition in England of the value of his labors. Sterling also owed much to Carlyle; and his farewell let-

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ter to him, written when he was almost momently expecting a fresh attack of hæmorrhage of the lungs, which would in all likelihood prove almost instantaneously fatal, is one of the most pathetic things ever written by mortal man. The farewell bears date August 10, 1844. Five weeks later the anticipated hæmorrhage came, and in a few moments Sterling's life on earth was over.

"My Dear Carlyle: For the first time for many months it seems possible to send you a few words; merely, however, for Remembrance and Farewell. On higher matters there is nothing to say. I tread the common road into the great Darkness without any thought of fear, and with very much of hope. Certainty, indeed, I have none. With regard to You and Me I can not begin to write; having nothing for it but to keep shut the lids of those secrets with all the iron weights that are in my power. Toward me it is still more true than toward England, that no man has been and done like you. Heaven bless you. If I can lend a hand when *There*, that will not be wanting. It is all very strange, but not one hundredth part so sad as it seems to standers-by. Yours to the last, John Sterling."

Sterling had left jointly to Archdeacon Hare and to Carlyle the task of editing his works and of preparing a biography of him; and it was agreed between them that the labor should be undertaken by Hare alone. Carlyle, indeed, was of the opinion that no life of Sterling need be written. He says:

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CARLYLE UPON STERLING.

"His performances and real or seeming importance in the world was actually not of a kind to demand an express Biography, even according to the world's usages. His character was not supremely original, neither was his fate in the world wonderful. What he did was inconsiderable enough; and as to what it lay in him to have done, this was but a problem, now beyond the possibility of a settlement. Why had a Biography been inflicted upon the man? Why had not No Biography, and the privilege of all the weary, been his lot?"

But the very excellent and very High-Church archdeacon thought otherwise. He did not only edit the Works of Sterling, which could speak for themselves, but he also wrote a biography of the man, from his own standpoint, which happened to be a very different one from that of Sterling himself or of Carlyle. Of this biography Carlyle thus speaks:

HARE'S LIFE OF STERLING.

"The sin of the book is easily defined, and not very condemnable; but it is nevertheless ruinous to his task as a biographer. He takes up Sterling as a clergyman merely. Sterling, I find, was a curate for exactly eight months; during eight months, and no more, had he any special relations to the Church. But he was a man, and had relations to the universe for eight-and-thirty years; and it was in this latter character, to which all the others were but features and transitory hues, that we wish to know him. His battle with hereditary Church-formularies was severe; but it was by no means his one bat-

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tle; neither, according to my observation of what it was, was it successfully delineated or summed up in this Book.

"The truth is, nobody that had known Sterling would recognize a feature of him here. You would never dream that this book treated of *him* at all. A pale sickly shadow in torn surplice is presented to us here; weltering bewildered in what you call 'Hebrew Old Clothes'; wrestling with impotent impetuosity to free itself from the baleful imbroglio, as if that had been the one function of his life.—Who in this miserable figure would recognize the brilliant, beautiful, and cheerful John Sterling, with his ever-flowing wealth of ideas, fancies, imaginations; with his frank affections, inexhaustible hopes, audacities, activities, and general radiant vivacity of heart and intelligence, which made the presence of him an inspiration wherever he went? It is too bad. Let a man be honestly forgotten when his life ends; but let him not be misrepresented in this way. To be hung up as an ecclesiastical scarecrow, as a target for heterodox and orthodox to practise archery upon, is no fate that can be due to the memory of Sterling."

We agree mainly with Carlyle that, save as a corrective to the biography by Archdeacon Hare, there was no special reason why this Life of John Sterling should have been written. Indeed, the best part of Carlyle's life of him relates to other persons: notably to his father, Edward Sterling, the anonymous "Thunderer" of the London "Times," at a time when the "thunder" of that newspaper meant something; when it was an actual power in the State, the utterances of which set up or

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pulled down ministries, and seated or unseated cabinets. But, as has already been said, the part of the book for which we care most is those pages in which Carlyle gives his impressions of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, in those later years of his of which we really know so little, when he was an honored, unpaying guest of the worthy Dr. Gilman, leaving his wife and children to the care of others, with as little thought of or care for them as the ostrich has of her young when they have once fairly chipped the shell.

COLERIDGE'S HOME AT THE GILMANS'.

"Coleridge sat on the brow of Highgate Hill in those years (about 1828–'9),looking down on London and its smoke tumult, like a sage escaped from the inanity of life's battle; attracting towards him the thoughts of innumerable brave souls still engaged there. His express contributions to poetry, philosophy, or any specific province of human literature or enlightenment, had been small and sadly intermittent; but he had, especially among young and inquiring men, a higher than literary, a kind of prophetic or magician character. He was thought to hold, he alone in England, the Key of German Transcendentalisms; knew the sublime secret of believing by 'the reason' what the 'understanding' had been obliged to fling out as incredible. A sublime man; who alone in those dark days had saved his crown of spiritual manhood; escaping from the dark materialisms and revolutionary deluges, with 'God, Freedom, Immortality' still his: a king of men. The practical intellects of the world did not much heed him, or carelessly reckoned him a

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metaphysical dreamer: but to the rising spirits of the young generation he had this dusky sublime character; and sat there as a kind of *Magus*, girt in mystery and enigma; his Dodona oak-grove (Mr. Gilman's house at Highgate), whispering strange things, uncertain whether oracles or jargon.

"The Gilmans did not encourage much company, or excitation of any sort around their sage; nevertheless access to him, if a youth did reverently wish it, was not difficult. He would stroll about the pleasant garden with you, sit in the pleasant rooms of the place—perhaps take you to his own peculiar room, high up with a rearward view, which was the chief view of all. . . . Here for hours would Coleridge talk, concerning all conceivable and inconceivable things; and liked nothing better than to have an intelligent, or failing that, even a silent and patient human listener. He distinguished himself to all that ever heard him as at least the most surprising talker extant in this world—and to some small minority, by no means to all, as the most excellent."

We think the personal appearance of a man was never more graphically portrayed than in this description of Coleridge by Carlyle. Perhaps there is a slight exaggeration of the salient features, as indeed there always must be in a portrait which shall appear to be a perfect likeness.

PERSONAL ASPECT OF COLERIDGE.

"The good man was now getting old, towards sixty perhaps; and gave you the idea of a life that had been full of sufferings; a life heavy-laden, half vanquished,

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still swimming painfully in seas of manifold physical and other bewilderment. Brow and head were round, and of massive weight, but the face was flabby and irresolute. The deep eyes, of a light hazel, were as full of sorrow as of inspiration; confused pain looked mildly from them, as in a kind of mild astonishment. The whole figure and air, good and amiable otherwise, might be called flabby and irresolute; expressive of weakness under possibility of strength. He hung loosely on his limbs, with knees bent, and stooping attitude; in walking he rather shuffled than decisively stepped; and a lady once remarked that he could never fix which side of the garden walk would suit him best, but continually shifted, in corkscrew fashion, and kept trying both. A heavy-laden, high-aspiring, and surely much-suffering man. His voice, naturally soft and good, had contracted itself into a plaintive snuffle and singsong; he spoke as if preaching—you would have said preaching earnestly, and also hopelessly, the weightiest things. I still recollect his 'Object' and 'Subject'—terms of continual recurrence in the Kantean province; and how he sang and snuffled them into 'Om-m-mject' and 'Summ-ject,' with a kind of solemn shake and quaver as he rolled along. No talk, in his century or any other, could be more surprising."

COLERIDGE'S TALK.

"To sit a passive bucket and be pumped into, whether you consent or not, can in the long run be exhilarating to no creature; how eloquent soever the flood of utterance that is descending. But if it be withal a confused unintelligible flood of utterance, threatening to submerge all known landmarks of thought, and drown the world

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and you! I have heard Coleridge talk, with eager musical energy, two stricken hours, his face radiant and moist, and communicate no meaning whatsoever to any individual of his hearers—certain of whom, I for one, still kept eagerly listening in hope; the most had long before given up, and formed (if the room were large enough) secondary humming groups of their own. He began anywhere: you put some question to him, made some suggestive observation: instead of answering this, or decidedly setting out towards answer of it, he would accumulate formidable apparatus, logical swim-bladders, transcendental life preservers, and other precautionary and vehiculatory gear, for setting out; perhaps did at last get under way—but was swiftly solicited, turned aside by the glance of some radiant new game, on this hand or that, into new courses; and ever into new; and before long into the Universe, where it was uncertain what game you would catch, or whether any.

"Glorious islets, too, I have seen rise out of the haze; but they were few, and soon swallowed in the general element again. Balmy sunny islets, islets of the Blest and the Intelligible; on which occasions those secondary humming groups would all cease humming, and hang breathless upon the eloquent words; till once your islet got wrapped in the mist again, and they could recommence humming. Eloquent artistically expressive words you always had; piercing radiances of a most subtle insight came at intervals; tones of noble pious sympathy, recognizable as pious though strangely colored, were never wanting long; but in general you could not call this aimless cloudcapt, cloudbased, lawlessly meandering human discourse of reason by the name of 'excellent talk,' but only of 'surprising'; and were re-

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minded bitterly of Hazlitt's account of it: 'Excellent talker, very—if you let him start from no premises and come to no conclusion.' The meaning singsong of that theosophic-metaphysical monotony left on you at last a very dreary feeling."

Not a few of us gladly acknowledge that they owe much to Coleridge; but those who owe him most must, we think, accept as essentially just Carlyle's estimate of the intellectual and moral nature of the man:

THE CHARACTER OF COLERIDGE.

"To the man himself Nature had given, in high measure, the seeds of a noble endowment. A subtle lynx-eyed intellect, tremulous pious sensibility to all good and all beautiful; truly a ray of empyrean light;—but imbedded in such weak laxity of character, in such indolences and esuriences as had made strange work with it. Once more the tragic story of a high endowment, with an insufficient will. An eye to discern the divineness of the Heaven's splendors and lightnings, the insatiable wish to revel in their godlike radiances and brilliances; but no heart to front the scathing terrors of them, which is the first condition of your conquering an abiding-place there.

"The courage necessary for him, above all things, had been denied this man. His life, with such ray of the empyrean in it, was great and terrible to him; and he had not valiantly grappled with it, he had fled from it; sought refuge in vague day-dreams, hollow compromises, in opium, in theosophic metaphysics. Harsh pain, danger, necessity, slavish harnessed toil, were of

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all things abhorrent to him. And so the empyrean element, lying smothered under the terrene, and yet inextinguishable there, made sad writhings. For pain, danger, difficulty, steady slaving toil, and other highly disagreeable behests of destiny, shall in no wise be shirked by any the brightest mortal that will approve himself loyal to his mission in this world; nay, precisely the higher he is, the deeper will be the disagreeableness, and the detestability to flesh and blood, of the tasks laid on him; and the heavier too, and more tragic, his penalties if he neglect them."

IX.

LATTER-DAY PAMPHLETS, AND "THE NIGGER QUESTION."

DURING the five years following the publication of his "Cromwell," Carlyle wrote little. In the mean while, what seemed likely to be the era of universal overthrow had begun with the "revolutionary year," 1848. It seemed as though all the state clothes of Christendom had fallen to tatters, and were about to be contemptuously flung into the rag-basket or upon the dung-hill. In February, 1850, Carlyle put forth the first of his "Latter-Day Pamphlets," which were continued monthly until August. A few weeks before he had put forth a magazine paper on "The Nigger Question," which was afterward published

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separately, and styled by him "the precursor to Latter-Day Pamphlets." Strictly speaking, it should be considered a sequel to them, as it attempts to point out a practical solution, although upon a small scale, of the problem mooted in them. At the opening of the first of the "Latter-Day Pamphlets," entitled "The Present Time," Carlyle raises his doleful jeremiad :

EVIL DAYS.

"Few of the generations of men have seen more impressive days, days of endless calamity, disruption, dislocation, confusion worse confounded; if they are not days of endless hope, too, then are they days of endless despair. There must be a new world if there is to be any world at all. That human beings in our Europe can ever return to the old sorry routine, and proceed with any steadiness or continuance there: this small hope is not now a tenable one. These days of universal death must be days of universal new birth, if the ruin is not to be total and final."

The following is essentially Carlyle's own "Summary" of this pamphlet on "The Present Time," we only omitting a portion of the topics, and introducing a few words to connect the sentences :

EUROPE IN 1850.

"There is now a would-be reforming Pope, and a huge unreformable Popedom. The European explosion is boundless and uncontrollable; all kings are conscious that they are but play-actors. In France there is a wel-

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tering mob, presided over by M. de Lamartine, the first stump-orator of the world, standing for a time on the highest stump. Democracy is an inevitable fact of the days we live in. But mere democracy for ever is impossible, since the universe itself is a monarchy, a hierarchy, and it is the everlasting privilege of the foolish to be governed by the wise. There is a new sacrament of divorce called 'emancipation' and 'enfranchisement,' as of the West Indian blacks and Irish whites; but the fate of emancipated helplessness is sooner or later tragically inevitable. British industrial existence is fast becoming one huge poison-swamp of reeking pestilence. British liberty is only constituted anarchy. England never needed kings as much as now; but the new commander or king is not discoverable by popular clamor or by universal suffrage. The few wise men will have to take and keep command of the innumerable foolish."

He goes on to affirm that the organization of industry can not be brought about "by isolated men and their vague efforts. Government is everywhere called upon to give the initiative." He imagines the case that there were somehow to be raised up a "Chief Governor of England worthy of that high name"—call him the Prime Minister, if one pleases—and proposes for him a speech to be delivered to "the floods of Irish and other Beggars, the able-bodied Jack-alls, nomadic or stationary, and the general assembly, out-door and in-door, of the Pauper Populations of these Realms." Of this proposed speech we quote, with curtailments, some paragraphs:

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SELF-GOVERNMENT.

"Vagrant Jack-alls, foolish most of you, criminal many of you, miserable all! the sight of you fills me with astonishment and despair. What to do with you I know not. One thing I have at last discovered: that you can not be left to roam abroad in this misguided manner, stumbling over the precipices, and loading ever heavier the fatal chain upon those who might be able to stand. I at last perceive that all this that has been sung and spoken for a long while about enfranchisement, emancipation, freedom, suffrage, civil and religious liberty over the world, is little other than temporary jargon, made up of sense and nonsense—sense in small quantities and nonsense in very large.

"Self-government is not for emancipated horses, nor for you. Algiers, Brazil, or Dahomey hold nothing in them so authentically slaves as you are. Only as recognized captives, as unfortunate fallen brothers, requiring that I should command you, and if need were control and compel you, can there be henceforth a relation between us. Ask me not for Indian-meal. You shall be compelled to earn it first. Here is work for you. Strike into it with manlike, soldier-like obedience, heartiness, according to the methods here prescribed. Wages follow for you without difficulty, all manner of just remuneration; and at length emancipation itself follows. Refuse to strike into it, shirk the heavy labor, disobey the rules—I will endeavor to incite you; if still in vain, I will at last shoot you, and make God's earth—the forlorn hope in God's battle—free of you."

But how shall this able Chief Governor be found? How shall any people know him if he

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exists? How shall any man be assured that he himself is the wise man, or even one of the few wise men appointed by Heaven "to take and keep command of the innumerable foolish"? And how, if he were so assured, shall he make good his Divine appointment?

Upon these vital questions the oracle is mute. It announces in every form of iteration and reiteration that the whole head is sick and the whole heart is faint; or points out the wounds and bruises and putrefying sores, but does not point us to the healer. At most, there is the hope that in the far future, somehow and somewhere, there is to be a change: "Surely this ignoble sluggishness, skeptical torpor, indifference to all that does not bear upon Mammon and his interests, is not the natural state of human creatures, and it is not doomed to be their final one." But to us of the present time, whom the matter so pressingly concerns, the closing words of the oracle are:

THE ENNUI OF THE PRESENT.

"Unfortunate creatures! You are fed, clothed, lodged, as men never were before; such wealth of material means as is now yours was never dreamed of by man before; and to do any noble deed with all this mountain of implements is for ever denied you. Only ignoble, expensive, and unfruitful things can you now do; nobleness has vanished from the sphere where you live. The way of it is lost; the possibility of it becomes incredible. We must try to do without it, I am told. Well,

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rejoice in your upholsteries and cookeries, then, if so be they will make you happy. Let the varieties of them be continual and innumerable. Mount into your railways, whirl from place to place at the rate of fifty, or, if you like, of five hundred miles an hour, you can not escape from that inexorable, all-encircling ocean-moan of *ennui*. No: if you mount to the stars, and do yacht-voyages under the belts of Jupiter, or stalk deer on the ring of Saturn, it would still begirdle you. You can not escape from it; you can but change your place in it, without solacement except one moment's. That prophetic Sermon from the Deeps will continue with you till you wisely interpret it and do it, or else till the Crack of Doom swallow it and you. *Adieu: au revoir.*"

"The Nigger Question," called the "precursor to Latter-Day Pamphlets," is in Carlyle's worst manner. The fault of it lies far deeper than its eccentricities of style, in its bitter, jeering spirit. One could wish that it had never been exhumed from the magazine in which it first appeared. But Carlyle will not have it so. He reproduced it in a separate form, and twenty years later perpetuated it in his "Collected Works." It purports to be a speech delivered before the council for organizing a "Universal Abolition-of-Pain Association," the council having "decided that the Negro Question, as lying at the bottom, was the first to be handled, and if possible settled." The speech begins, we keeping his words, only with considerable abridgments:

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WEST INDIAN AFFAIRS.

"West Indian affairs, as we all know, are in a very troublous condition this good while. However, Lord John Russell is able to comfort us with one fact indisputable where so many are dubious: that the negroes are doing very well. The black population are doing remarkably well; our beautiful black darlings are at least happy, with little labor except to the teeth, which surely in those excellent horse jaws of theirs will not fail. The West Indies, it appears, are short of labor, as indeed is very conceivable; in those cases where the fortunate black man, by working about half an hour a day, can supply himself, by aid of sun and soil, with as much pumpkin as will suffice, he is likely to be a little stiff to rise into hard work. The less fortunate white man of those tropical localities can not work, and his black neighbor, rich in pumpkins, is in no haste to help him."

The white man, moreover, demands, besides pumpkins, various other things, such as sugar, spices, and the like; and, as he can not work, he can only get them by making somebody else work for him. Under these affecting circumstances, the unconscionable black man, who *can* work, actually will not work unless he gets wages so high that in many cases the white man can not afford to pay them; and consequently the poor white man must go without sugar and spices, and perhaps even without pumpkins, for to get these requires some labor—say, half an hour a day. Now, it seems to us that if (which we by no means admit) the white man can not work

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there, the West Indies are no place for him. He is useless and worse than useless. Not so Mr. Carlyle. He lays it down that those West India Islands belong to the white man, and especially to the British species of white man.

THE OWNERSHIP OF THE WEST INDIES.

"It was not black Quashee," he says, "or those he represents, that made these West India Islands what they are, or can, by any hypothesis, be considered to have the right of growing pumpkins there. Till the white European first saw them they were as yet uncreated—their noble elements of cinnamon, sugar, coffee, pepper, lying all asleep, waiting the white enchanter who should say to them, Awake. . . . Before the West Indies could grow a pumpkin for any negro, how much European heroism had to spend itself in obscure battle; to sink, in mortal agony, before the jungles, the putrescences, and waste savageries could become arable! Under the soil of Jamaica, before it could even produce spices or any pumpkin, the bones of many thousand British men had to be laid; the dust of many thousand strong old English hearts lies there; worn down swiftly in frightful travail, chaining the Devils which were manifold."

We are far from accepting this view of the British acquisition of Jamaica; but whether it be accepted or not, it is certain that the whites could once work there. But, passing this over, it is quite clear to Carlyle that the British Government has the power to rule Jamaica after the manner in which he thinks it should be ruled.

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He shall tell us how, in this matter of labor, he thinks that rule should be exercised:

RULING THE NEGROES.

"The West Indian whites, so soon as this bewilderment of philanthropic and other jargon abates from them, will, I apprehend, as a preliminary, resolutely refuse to permit the black man any privilege whatever of pumpkins till he agree to work for them. Not a square inch of soil in those fruitful isles, purchased by British blood, shall any black man hold to grow pumpkins for him except on terms that are fair toward Britain. Fair toward Britain it will be, that Quashee give work for privilege to grow pumpkins. Not a pumpkin, Quashee, not a square yard of soil, till you agree to give the state so many days of service. The state wants sugar from those islands, and means to have it. The islands are good withal for pepper, for sago, arrow-root, for coffee, perhaps for cinnamon, and precious spices. The gods wish, beside pumpkins, that spices and valuable products be grown there; thus much they have declared in so making the West Indies. Quashee, if he will not help in bringing out the spices, will get himself made a slave again (which state will be a little less ugly than his present one), and with beneficent whip, since others methods avail not, will be compelled to work."

In actual working Carlyle inclines to the opinion that the most feasible plan would be to make the blacks serfs "bound to the soil."

BOUND TO THE SOIL.

"Already one hears of black *Adscripti Glebæ*; which seems a promising arrangement in such a complicacy. It

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appears that the Dutch blacks in Java are already a kind of *Adscripts* after the manner of the old European serfs, bound by royal authority to give so many days of work a year. Is this not something like a real approximation, the first step toward all manner of such? Wherever in British territory there exists a black man, and needful work, to the just extent, is not to be got out of him, such a law, in defect of a better, should be brought to hear upon said black man."

Now, we admit and affirm that if a man who can work will not work, and so calls upon the state or the people thereof to feed and clothe and shelter him, it is right that the state or municipality should set him at work to pay for what he receives. While there are streets to be cleaned, and roads to be built, there is no necessity that there should be permanently any large number of able-bodied idle paupers or "tramps." And further, we hold that the gravest present problem in civilized communities is how far, by what means, and to what extent, the state is bound to supply honorable labor for so much of its population as may at any time be unable to find it for themselves. But all this is a very different thing from Mr. Carlyle's solution of the "nigger question." As for any imaginary wrong done to the West Indian black, who, he says, lazily prefers to work half an hour a day for pumpkin rather than dig in the cane-field a dozen hours a day that his unfortunate non-working white neighbor may have abun-

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dance of sugar, coffee, and spices, Carlyle dismisses the matter with the contemptuous sniff, "I never thought the 'rights of negroes' worth much discussing, nor the rights of men in any form."

But the vaticinations of the "Latter-Day Pamphlets," as to the character of the "New Era" which began in 1848, soon seemed quite unlikely to be fulfilled. What had the appearance of a universal deluge, in which the windows of heaven were opened and the fountains of the great deep broken up, proved to be only the bursting of a few dams whose liberated waters poured down some valleys, sweeping away some buildings in their course; notably that erected by Louis Philippe—a sham structure of flimsy lath and plaster, stuccoed over and painted to resemble solid granite, and founded, too, on the sand. When the inundation subsided, Pope and Kaiser and all sorts of play-actor kings took possession of their old homes, which seemed quite as habitable as before. Fair-spoken Lamartine had to descend from his lofty stump, which was cut down, and upon its site Louis Napoleon raised the throne of the Second Empire, and things in general seemed to have "returned to their old sorry routine." Carlyle, indeed (almost the only man in Europe who did so), always believed that this second Empire was only a sham.

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X.

FREDERICK THE GREAT.

IMMEDIATELY after the completion of the "Life of Sterling," Carlyle set seriously at work upon his "History of Frederick the Great," which grew to be the labor of some fifteen years. The first and second volumes appeared in 1858, the third and fourth in 1862, and the fifth and sixth in 1864. In some respects it is the most important of his works. In volume it constitutes about one third of the whole. It is in every way a most provoking work. In style and manner it embodies all those peculiarities which, if not wholly natural at first, had long come to be a second nature to him. We find fault with this style and manner, but can not bring ourselves to wish that he had written it in any other. We are vexed by the innumerable episodes, which seem at first sight to interrupt the march of the narrative; but we are not willing to omit one of them, and are finally brought to see that every one of them gives us, directly or indirectly, some new insight into the character of Frederick, as Carlyle saw it, and wished others to see it.

Above all, he has fully mastered his subject in all its details and surroundings. He penetrates the tangled maze of the petty politics of the day;

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clears up the obscure intrigues and plans of rival courts and cabinets; and demolishes many a high-sounding myth which has got itself passed off as veritable history. From countless bushels of chaff he winnows the one grain of wheat. His descriptions of battles and sieges are masterpieces, as scientifically true as those of Napier, and hardly less picturesque than those of Froissart. The very scenery and atmosphere are reproduced as faithfully as though Carlyle had been familiar with them all his life, instead, as we believe, of learning them wholly or mainly through maps and pictures.

In all this Frederick himself is shown as the central point of every movement. We see in the end what idea Carlyle had formed of the man; and we believe that this idea was very far from the true one. It has been said that no man ever produced a good biography of a man who was not in some sort a hero to him. Frederick had indeed few of the qualities which Carlyle would in his earlier and better days have demanded in a hero. But he had an abundance of the lower qualities. He knew perfectly well what he wanted in this world, and for the world to come he seems to have taken no account; he had a clear perception of the means to be used in the attainment of his ends, and had not the slightest scruple in the adoption of any means, good, bad, or indifferent, to attain those ends. He played without any

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scruples of conscience that high chess game in which men, or millions of them, were only so many pawns. Let us here give, with some curtailment, Carlyle's estimate of Frederick as he had come to be at the age of about threescore and ten, when his life-work was fairly over, though he was yet to have some years more upon earth:

FREDERICK IN OLD AGE.

"About fourscore years ago,* there used to be seen walking on the terraces of Sans-Souci, for a short time in the afternoon, or you might have met him elsewhere at an earlier hour, riding or driving in a rapid business manner, on the open roads or through the scraggy woods and avenues of that intricate amphibious Potsdam region, a highly interesting, lean, little old man, of alert though slightly stooping figure; whose name among strangers was King *Frederick the Second*, or Frederick the Great of Prussia, and at home among the common people, who much loved and esteemed him, was '*Vater Fritz*—Father Fred'—a name of familiarity which had not bred contempt in that instance. He is a King every inch of him, though without the trappings of a King. . . .

"The man is not of god-like physiognomy, any more than of imposing stature or costume; close-shut mouth with thin lips, prominent jaws and nose, receding brow, by no means of Olympian height; head, however, is of long form, and has superlative gray eyes in it. Not what is called a beautiful man; nor yet, by all appearance, what is called a happy. On the contrary, the face bears

* This was written in 1856. Frederick was born in 1712, and died in 1786, at the age of seventy-four and a half years.

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evidence of many sorrows, as they are termed, of much hard labor done in this world; and seems to anticipate nothing but more coming. Quiet stoicism, capable enough of what joy there were, but not expecting any worth mention; great unconscious and some conscious pride, well tempered with a cheery mockery of humor, are written on that old face, which carries its chin well forward, in spite of the slight stoop about the neck; snuffy nose, rather flung into the air, under its old cocked hat, like an old snuffy lion on the watch; and such a pair of eyes as no man, or lion, or lynx of that century bore elsewhere, according to the testimony we have. Most excellent, potent, brilliant eyes, swift-darting as the sun; gray —of the azure-gray color; large enough, not of glaring size, the habitual expression of them vigilance and penetrating sense, rapidity resting on depth. . . . The voice, if he speaks to you, is of similar physiognomy; clear, melodious, and sonorous; all tones are in it, from that of ingenious inquiry, graceful sociality, light-flowing banter (rather prickly for the most part), up to definite word of command, up to the desolating word of rebuke and condemnation. . . .

"This was a man of infinite mark to his contemporaries, who had witnessed surprising feats from him in the world; very questionable notions and ways, which he had contrived to maintain against the world and its criticisms: as an original man has always to do; much more an original ruler of men. The world, in fact, had tried to put him down, as it does, unconsciously or consciously, with all such; and after the most conscious exertions, and at one time a dead-lift spasm of all its energies for Seven Years, had not been able. Principalities and Powers, Imperial, Royal, Czarish, Papal; ene-

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mies innumerable as the sea-sand, had risen against him, only one helper left among the world's Potentates (and that one only while there should be help rendered in return); and he led them such a dance as had astonished mankind and them."

He did indeed, in that Seven Years' War, lead the world a Devil's dance; the net result of which was that it was demonstrated to all, at the cost of something like a million of human lives, that the great Fritz, not the great Theresa, should have Silesia, to which the great Fritz had not the shadow of a claim except that which a highwayman has to the plunder which he has extorted at the pistol's mouth. In truth, never in the world's history was a war undertaken with less of even plausible ground than this Seven Years' War, for which Frederick, and he alone, is responsible. Mr. Carlyle indeed frames apologies enough for it—apologies for which Frederick, we imagine, would not have thanked him. He himself tells the story with cynical frankness, making no pretense to a virtue which everybody knew he did not possess. He says: "Ambition, interest, the desire of making people talk about me, carried the day: and I decided for war." And, to quote the stern words of Macaulay: "On the head of Frederick is all the blood which was shed in a war which raged during many years, and in every quarter of the globe. The evils produced by his wickedness were felt in lands where the name of Prussia was

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unknown; and in order that he might rob a neighbor whom he had promised to defend, black men fought on the coast of Coromandel, and red men scalped each other by the Great Lakes of North America." In the course of the war Frederick soon found all the Continent of Europe arrayed against him. The rulers had quarreled and the Greeks had to pay the piper. How the rulers got into quarrel with him Macaulay shall tell us:

"The real motive which induced the great Continental rulers to forget their old animosities and their old State maxims was personal aversion to the King of Prussia. This failing was strongest in Maria Theresa, but it was by no means confined to her. Frederick was a bad neighbor. That he was hard in all his dealings, and quick to take all advantages, was not his most odious fault. His bitter and scoffing speech had inflicted keener wounds than his ambition. In his character of wit, he was under less restraint than even in his character of ruler. Satirical verses against all the princes and ministers of Europe were ascribed to his pen. In his letters and conversation he alluded to the greatest potentates of the age in terms which would have better suited Collé in a war of repartee with young Crébillon at Pelletier's table, than a great sovereign speaking of great sovereigns. About women he was in the habit of expressing himself in a manner which it was impossible for the meekest of women to forgive; and unfortunately for him, almost the whole Continent was governed by women who were by no means conspicuous for meekness. Maria Theresa herself had not escaped his scurrilous jests. The Em-

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press Elizabeth of Russia knew that her gallantries afforded him a favorite theme for ribaldry and invective. Madame de Pompadour, who was really the head of the French government, had been even more keenly galled. She had attempted by the most delicate flatteries to propitiate the King of Prussia, but her message had drawn from him only dry and sarcastic replies.

"The Empress Queen, though the haughtiest of women, took a very different course. Though the haughtiest of princesses, though the most austere of matrons, she forgot in her thirst for revenge both the dignity of her race and the purity of her character, and condescended to flatter the low-born and low-minded concubine who, having acquired influence over the King of France by prostituting herself, retained it by prostituting others. The mistress was completely gained over, and easily gained her point with Louis, who had indeed wrongs of his own to resent. His feelings were not quick; but contempt, says the Eastern proverb, pierces even through the shell of the tortoise, and neither prudence nor decorum had ever restrained Frederick from expressing his measureless contempt for the sloth, the imbecility, and the baseness of Louis. France was thus induced to join the Coalition; and the example of France determined the conduct of Sweden, then completely subject to French influence. Frederick soon learned that he was to be assailed at once by France, Austria, Russia, Saxony and the Germanic body; and that the greater part of his dominions were to be portioned out among his enemies. If these designs succeeded, the house of Brandenburg would at once sink in the European system to a place lower than that of the Duke of Würtemburg or the Margrave of Baden."

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This great coalition was formed in 1756. It was sixteen years since the young Frederick, moved by "ambition, interest, and the desire to make people talk about him," had made that treacherous attack upon Maria Theresa, which resulted in wresting Silesia from her, after a struggle of seven years. That war was concluded by the peace of 1748; but it was merely a European peace, or rather an armed armistice. But out of Europe the war into which the powers had been drawn still raged, France and England fighting on the banks of the Ganges, on the coasts of Guinea, on the Great Lakes of North America, and along the whole course of the Mississippi.

During all these years Maria Theresa had never for a moment forgotten the great wrong and insult which she had sustained from Frederick. "To recover Silesia"—we again quote the words of Macaulay—"to humble the dynasty of Hohenzollern to the dust, was the great object of her life. She toiled many years for this end, with zeal as indefatigable as that which the poet ascribes to the stately goddess who tired out her immortal horses in the work of raising the nations against Troy, and who offered to give up to destruction her darling Sparta and Mycenæ, if she might once see the smoke going up from the palace of Priam. With even such a spirit did the proud Austrian Juno strive to array against her foe a coalition such as Europe had never seen.

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Nothing would content her but that the whole civilized world, from the White Sea to the Adriatic, from the Bay of Biscay to the pastures of the wild horses of the Tanais, should be combined in arms against one petty state."

And she had at last succeeded, even beyond her hopes. But England and France could not in those days be on the same side in anything. Another century was to pass before the English and French colors could be seen ranged, even temporarily, side by side against a common foe. At this very moment, when the tempest so long gathering was about to burst upon Prussia, the long dispute between France and England had come to a crisis. If Frederick could have had his own way, he would have sided with the House of Bourbon. But he had offended the harlot of the French king, and she had carried her vile paramour over to the coalition against him, and he had to make alliance with the House of Hanover. This enforced alliance proved his salvation; for it placed in his hands at least a partial use of the keys of the English treasury. English money, and that alone, enabled him to keep his armies in the field.

The great "Seven Years' War" of history broke out in 1756. This is not the place to even touch upon the details of that war. Carlyle has narrated them in such a manner as to leave nothing for any historian who shall come after him.

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Suffice it here to say that Frederick displayed many of the highest qualities of a great captain and of a great ruler. Still the odds were fearfully against him, and more than once it seemed that all was lost. Most notably was this the case toward the close of the fourth year of the war, when he suffered a great defeat at Kunersdorf. It was to all appearance an overwhelming disaster; it was actually a rout as complete as was ever seen on a stricken field. Of fifty thousand men who that morning attacked the enemy, not three thousand remained together in the evening. He himself came within a hair's breadth of capture. He managed to make his way to a plundered village, and flung himself down on a heap of straw. He had resolved never to be made a prisoner alive, and carried with him a quill filled with corrosive sublimate. From this heap of straw he wrote to one of his friends: "I have no resource left; all is lost. I will not survive the ruin of my country. Farewell for ever." It seems as though the mill of the gods was about to grind him exceedingly fine. But it was not so to be. The confederates failed to push their victory that night. On the next morning Frederick had got together eighteen thousand of his scattered men; and in a few days more he had thirty thousand, and so was able to carry on the war.

Still fortune was upon the whole adverse. The odds against him continued to be fearful. He car-

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ried on the war as no war was ever before carried on, as no war has since been carried on, except that of the Committee of Safety during the French Revolution, or that carried on by the Southern Confederacy during its last year. Let us again quote Macaulay: "Frederick governed his kingdom as he would have governed a besieged town, not caring to what extent property was destroyed, or the pursuits of civil life suspended, so that he did but make head against the enemy. As long as there was a man left, that man might carry a musket; as long as there was a horse left, that horse might draw artillery. The coin was debased, the civil functionaries were left unpaid; in some provinces civil government altogether ceased to exist. But there were still potatoes and rye bread; there were still lead and gunpowder; and while the means of sustaining and destroying life remained, Frederick was determined to fight it out to the very last."

The fifth year of the war, 1760, was a terrible one. Frederick, indeed, gained two great victories; but the enormous losses suffered by the enemy seemed hardly to be felt by them. They pressed him close on every side, and he was baited into savage and almost insane fury. "It is hard," he wrote to a friend, "for man to bear what I bear. I begin to feel that, as the Italians say, 'revenge is a pleasure to the gods.' My philosophy is worn out by suffering. I am no saint, like

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those of whom we read in the legends; and I will own that I could die content if only I could first inflict a portion of the misery which I endure." The results of the next year, 1761, were much the same, only the fiery circle was drawn still more closely around Frederick. The country was so completely ravaged by the enemy and by his own exactions, that he himself acknowledged that he was almost in despair, and unable to imagine where recruits, horses, or provisions were to be found.

That Frederick was not crushed at this time came, according to all human seeming, from two events, almost simultaneous, in which he had no part. Pitt was displaced from his post as British Prime Minister, and his successors looked about for some pretext to rid themselves of the costly Prussian alliance. This of itself was of ill omen to Frederick; but there was a compensation. France had won little glory in this war, and was not disposed to do more by way of asserting the virtue of the king's mistress. So it was not long before England and France wisely paired off together, binding themselves by treaty to observe a strict neutrality with respect to the German war. Elizabeth of Russia died at about this time, and Peter, her successor, was a warm admirer of Frederick. He not only broke off from the coalition, but actually sent fifteen thousand troops to the aid of Frederick. So now, at the end of six

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bloody years, only the original parties, Austria and Prussia, remained confronting each other. Of the two, Austria was to appearance the more powerful. But it seemed hardly likely that she alone could perform what she had been unable to effect when she had France and Russia to aid her. After trying it another year, the proud spirit of Maria Theresa gave way, and early in 1763 she consented to a peace which left Silesia in the hands of Frederick, from which half of it had been already wrested.

Frederick had passed his fiftieth year, and had no more fighting to do. It is hardly possible to conceive a more thoroughly ruined country than Prussia seemed when peace at last was made. Macaulay shall picture for us the condition of the kingdom:

"The war was over, Frederick was safe. His glory was beyond the reach of envy. He had given an example unrivaled in history of what capacity and resolution can effect against the greatest superiority of power and the utmost spite of fortune. He entered Berlin in triumph, after an absence of more than six years. The streets were brilliantly lighted up, and as he passed along in an open carriage the multitude saluted him with loud praises and blessings. Yet even in the midst of that gay spectacle he could not but perceive everywhere the traces of destruction and decay. The city had been more than once plundered. The population had considerably diminished.

"Berlin, however, had suffered little when compared

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with most parts of the kingdom. The ruin of private fortunes, the distress of all ranks, was such as might appall the firmest mind. Almost every province had been the seat of war, and of war conducted with the most merciless ferocity. The fields lay uncultivated. The very seed-corn had been devoured in the madness of hunger. Famine, and contagious maladies produced by famine, had swept away the herds and flocks; and there was reason to fear that a great pestilence among the human race was likely to follow in the train of that tremendous war. The population of the kingdom had in seven years decreased to the frightful extent of ten per cent. A sixth of the males capable of bearing arms had actually perished on the field of battle. In some districts no laborers except women were seen in the fields in harvest time. In others the traveler passed shuddering through a succession of silent villages in which not a single inhabitant remained. The currency had been debased; the authority of laws and magistrates had been suspended; the whole social system was deranged. For during that convulsive struggle everything that was not military violence was anarchy. It was hardly to be hoped that thirty years of repose and industry would repair the ruin produced by seven years of havoc. One consolatory circumstance indeed there was. No debt had been incurred. The burdens of war had been terrible, almost insupportable; but no arrear was left to embarrass the finances in time of peace."

No debt had indeed been incurred; and for this, we imagine, the reason is not far to seek. There was nobody in all the wide world from whom Frederick could, in those dark years, have

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borrowed anything. But what is equivalent to a debt of the most intolerable nature had been incurred. The currency had been debased. We ourselves know by sad experience what that means; though in our case this actual debasement did not take its most onerous form, that of actually debasing the existing coin, but that of introducing a fictitious currency. With us what purported to be a dollar in gold or silver was still a dollar, and would buy a dollar's worth in any market in the world.

That Frederick possessed high merits as an administrator as well as a military commander is not to be disputed. Proof enough of this is to be found in the fact that in far less than thirty years the ruin of the seven years of havoc had been repaired. He lived but fifteen years after the close of the Seven Years' War. At his accession he found Prussia occupying a doubtful place among the minor kingdoms of Europe; he left it undisputably one of the five Great Powers; the lowest indeed in population and nominal revenue, but the third—perhaps the second—in art, science, and civilization.

It was well that Carlyle should have written this "History of Frederick"; but it is not well that he should have endeavored to present him as a hero in any higher way than any man may be a hero who has by nature a keen understanding, a firm temper, an indomitable will, and an absolute

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indifference to every principle of right and justice; a man whom neither friend nor foe could trust except just so far as it should be clearly for his interest to keep faith.

XI.

THE EDINBURGH INAUGURAL.

CARLYLE was seventy years old when the "History of Frederick" was concluded. In the year following, 1866, he was chosen Lord Rector of the University of Edinburgh, succeeding Gladstone, the opposing candidate being Disraeli. The office is purely an honorary one, involving no duties except the delivering of an inaugural and perhaps a valedictory address. Carlyle's inaugural, which is in marked contrast with much that he had written and spoken in late years, was a calm talk rather than a formal address, with every now and then a bit of characteristic humor, not exactly sweet, but of a very pleasant sour.

He called to mind how, fifty-six years before, he had come to the university, a boy of not quite fourteen, to attend the classes, and told his young auditors: "What the universities can mainly do for you—what I have found the university did for me—is, that it taught me to read in various languages, in various sciences, so that I could go

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into the books that treated of these things, and gradually penetrate into any department I wanted to make myself master of, as I found it to suit me." He exhorted them to be, above all things, diligent and honest students, and gradually to find out what kind of work they individually could do. His hearers had perhaps looked for a bitter-spoken "Latter-Day Pamphlet," or one of those trenchant, almost cynical talks of his of which they must have heard. Not a few of the topics were indeed the same as those which had furnished themes for the "Latter-Day Pamphlets," but they now looked very differently, as the same objects appear very different when seen by the clear light of day or by the blaze of colored fireworks. In nothing had he been, by tongue and pen, more vehement than in decrying the value of speech, the faculty of the orator, no matter from what stump he might talk. In this address he says:

FINE SPEECH.

"Oh, it is a dismal chapter, all that, if one went into it—what has been done by rushing after fine speech. I have written down some very fierce things about that, perhaps considerably more emphatic than I could now wish them to be, but they were and are deeply my conviction. There is very great necessity indeed of getting a little more silent than we are. It seems to me that the finest nations of the world—the English and the Americans in chief—were going all off into wind and tongue. But it will appear sufficiently tragical by-and-by, long

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after I am away out of it. There is a time to speak and a time to be silent. Silence withal is the eternal duty of man. He won't get to any real understanding of what is complex, and what is more than aught else pertinent to his interests, without keeping silence too. 'Watch the tongue' is a very old precept, and a most true one.

"I don't want to discourage any one of you from your Demosthenes, and your studies of the niceties of language, and all that. . . . At the same time I must say to you that speech, in the case even of Demosthenes, does not seem, on the whole, to have turned to almost any good account. He advised next to nothing that proved practicable; much the reverse. . . . Finally, I have one advice to give you, which is practically of very great importance. . . . You are to consider throughout, much more than is done at present, and what would have been a very great thing for me if I had been able to consider, that health is a thing to be attended to continually; that you are to regard that as the very highest of all temporal things for you. There is no kind of achievement you could make in the world that is equal to perfect health. What to it are nuggets and millions? The French financier said, 'Why is there no sleep to be sold?' Sleep was not in the market at any quotation."

We certainly should be loath to apply to Carlyle himself, except with some considerable limitation, what he says of great talkers, whether with pen or tongue, of whom he is among the chiefest. In any case, we should not be willing to inflict upon him, except in a purely metaphorical sense, the penalty which he proposes for men of his own kind.

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SPEAKING VERSUS PRACTISING.

"Do you want a man *not* to practise what he believes, then encourage him to keep often speaking of it in words. Every time he speaks it the tendency to do it will grow less. His empty speech of what he believes will be a weariness and affliction to the wise man. But do you wish his empty speech of what he believes to become further an insincere speech of what he does not believe? Celebrate to him his gift of speech; assure him that eloquent speech, whether performed or not, is admirable. I think the serviceable thing you could do to that man, if permissible, would be a severe one—to *clip off* a bit of his eloquent tongue by way of penance and warning; another bit if he again spoke without performing, and so again, until you had clipped the whole tongue away from him."

We do not care to believe that Carlyle in his most talkative moods, whether with tongue or pen, was for the time being consciously insincere in what he said or wrote; but our faith in this regard has often been sorely tried. But, in any case, there was a great gulf between his speaking and his doing, unless we charitably assume, as he seems to have done, that talking was the only sort of doing to which he was called in this world. It is certainly a little odd that a man who has written and talked more than almost any other man of his generation should spend so many of his years in shouting at the top of his voice that everybody should hold his tongue. Thus in the "Latter-Day Pamphlet" entitled "The Stump Orator"

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he says: "Let the young English soul lay this solemnly to heart—this is my deepest counsel to him: The idea you have once spoken is no longer yours—it is gone from you, so much life and virtue is gone, and the vital circulation of yourself and your destiny and activity are henceforth deprived of it." The incongruity of such words, coming from the writer of thirty printed volumes, seems to have struck him, for he adds in quite a different vein:

BEING AND DOING SOMETHING.

"Brave young friends, you are, what I am not, in the happy case to be something and to do something, instead of eloquently talking about what has been and was done, and may be. The old are what they are, and will not alter. Our hope is in *you;* and may future generations, acquainted with the Silences, and once more cognizant of what is noble, and faithful, and divine, look back on *us* with pity and incredulous astonishment!"

This Edinburgh Inaugural has a melancholy interest in connection with Carlyle's individual history. For, while he was absent from London to deliver it, news came to him that he should never more look upon the face of that wife of his who, as he lovingly inscribed on her tomb-stone, had "for forty years been the true and loving helpmate of her husband, and by act and word unwearily forwarded him, as none else could, in all of worthy that he did or attempted."

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From this casual interlude of the admirable Edinburgh Inaugural we come to the next production of his pen, in which are many of the worst and a few of the best of his manifold utterances.

XII.

"SHOOTING NIAGARA: AND AFTER."

LATE in the summer of 1867 appeared the magazine paper, "Shooting Niagara: and After," which one may properly style a "Latest-Day Pamphlet." The new Reform Bill had passed, which Carlyle thought had pushed England into the rapids from which there was no way of escape backward, and the kingdom could only shoot the cataract into the vortex of democracy. It commences:

THE COMING DEMOCRACY.

"There probably never was since the Heptarchy ended, or almost since it began, so hugely critical an epoch in the history of England as this we have now entered upon with unusual self-congratulation and flinging-up of caps; nor one in which the question of utter death or of nobler new life for the poor country was so uncertain. Three things seem to be agreed upon by gods and men, at least by English men and gods; certain to happen, and are now in visible course of fulfillment:

"1. *Democracy* to complete itself; to go the full length of its course toward the bottomless, or into it, no power

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now extant to prevent it, or even considerably to hinder it, till we have seen where it will lead us to, and whether there will *then* be any return possible or none. . . . 2. That in a limited time, say fifty years hence, the Church, all Churches and so-called religions, the Christian Religion itself, shall have deliquesced into mere 'Liberty of Conscience,' 'Progress of Intellect,' 'Philanthropic Movement,' and other aqueous residues of a vapid, badly-scented character; and shall, like water spilled upon the ground, trouble nobody considerably thenceforth, but evaporate at its leisure. 3. That, in lieu thereof, there shall be Free Trade, in all senses, and to all lengths—which some take to mean, 'Free racing ere long, with unlimited speed in the career of *Cheap and Nasty*'; . . .—so that everybody shall start free, and everywhere, 'under enlightened popular suffrage,' the race shall be to the swift, and the high office shall fall to to him who is the ablest, if not to do it, at least to get elected for doing it."

According to this "Latest-Day Pamphlet," one of the most notable characteristics of the time is "that singular phenomenon which the Germans call *Schwärmerei*" ("enthusiasm" is our poor Greek equivalent), "which means simply 'Swarmery,' or the 'Gathering of men in swarms,' and what prodigies they are in the habit of doing and believing when in that miraculous condition!" Now, it is to be noted that this very "swarmery" is the notable characteristic of the ages and movements which Carlyle everywhere characterizes as heroic ones. What was it but this which marked

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the triumph of Christianity over paganism in the Roman Empire? which gave vitality and force to Islamism and the Crusades? to the Reformation in Germany, and in Scotland? to the establishment of the English Commonwealth under the great Lord Protector? By what other means came to pass what he calls "the hopefullest public fact that has occurred in my time: that noble, patient, deep, pious, and solid Germany should be at length welded into a nation, and become queen of the Continent, instead of vaporing, vainglorious, quarrelsome, restless, and over-sensitive France?"

But "swarmery" is noble and heroic, or quite otherwise, according to the object of the swarming. The swarming of bees, "when their old homes have grown too narrow for them," and they enlist to found a new bee nation, is noble; that of flies around carrion, perhaps, quite otherwise, though that too has its use in the economy of Nature. Of all the idle "swarmeries" of these times, that by which the matter of slavery in in America was settled, in a fashion quite different from his own scheme, is in Carlyle's opinion the notablest. He says:

"NIGGERS" AS SERVANTS.

"Essentially the Nigger Question was one of the smallest, and in itself did not much concern mankind in the present time of struggles and hurries. One always rather likes the Nigger; evidently a poor blockhead,

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with good dispositions, with affections, attachments; with a turn for Nigger Melodies and the like. The Almighty Maker has appointed him to be a servant. Under penalty of Heaven's curse, neither party to this preappointment shall neglect or misdo his duties therein. . . . Servantship, like all solid contracts between men, must become a contract of permanency, not easy to dissolve, but difficult extremely: a contract for life, if you can manage it, will evidently be the best of all, and this was already the Nigger's essential position. Mischief, irregularities, injustices, did probably abound between the Nigger and the Buckra; but the poisonous tap-root, that servantship and mastership on the nomadic principle was ever, or will ever be, except for a few brief periods, possible among human creatures, had never been there."

All that Carlyle could see two and a half years after our mighty conflict was over—a conflict in which there was on both sides more heroism and self-devotion than in any other conflict of arms ever waged upon earth—all that he can now see in it, was simply a bloody fight as to whether servants should be hired for life, or by the month or year. He here reproduces this squib, "The American Iliad in a Nutshell," written by him more than four years earlier:

ILIAS (AMERICANA) IN NUCE.

"PETER *of the North* (to Paul of the South): Paul, you unaccountable scoundrel, I find you hire your servants for life, not by the month or year, as I do! You are going straight to Hell, you—!

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"PAUL: Good words, Peter! The risk is my own; I am willing to take the risk. Hire your servants by the month or day, and get straight to Heaven; leave me to my own method.

"PETER: No, I won't, I will beat your brains out first! (*And is trying dreadfully ever since, but can not yet manage it.*)"

This is dated May 3, 1863, two months to a day before the battle of Gettysburg, and the capture of Vicksburg gave a decided turn to the contest which had seemed to hang in even scale, the balance, if anything, inclining toward the cause now lost. Carlyle never seems to have perceived that the "Nigger Question" was not the main issue involved; but that the thing to be decided was, whether America should soon be what England was under the heptarchy, what Germany and Italy were for centuries, what the states of South America now are; or should be again welded into a nation, one and undivided, and we trust indivisible. His summation of the matter is this:

SWARMERY IN AMERICA AND ENGLAND.

"A continent of the earth has been submerged, for certain years, by deluges from the Pit of Hell; half a million (some say a whole million—but surely they exaggerate) of excellent white men, full of gifts and faculty, have torn and slashed one another into horrid death, in a temporary humor, which will leave centuries of remembrance fierce enough; and three millions of absurd Blacks, men and brothers (of a sort), are completely

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'emancipated,' launched into the career of improvement—likely to be 'improved off the face of the earth' in a generation or two. *Papæ! papæ!* wonderful indeed!

"'Swarmery' in England has done its work, too. It has got up its puddle of Parliament and Public, what it calls its 'Reform Measure'; that is to say, the calling in of new supplies of blackguardism, gullibility, bribability, and amenability to beer and balderdash, by way of amending the woes we have previously had from our previous supplies of that bad article.

"But meanwhile, the *good* that lies in this delirious 'new Reform Measure'—as there lies something of good in almost everything—is perhaps not inconsiderable. It accelerates notably what I have long looked upon as inevitable; pushes us at once into the Niagara Rapids; irresistibly impelled, with ever-increasing velocity, we shall now arrive; who knows how *soon?* For a generation past it has been growing more and more evident that there was only this issue; but now the issue itself has become imminent, the distance of it to be guessed by years. Traitorous politicians grasping at votes, even votes from the rabble, have brought it on. And yet, with all my silent indignation and disgust, I can not pretend to be clearly sorry that such a consummation has been expedited. The sum of our sins, increasing steadily day by day, will at least be less, the sooner the settlement is."

In response to the inevitable questions, "What is to happen when England, already in the Rapids, comes to actually *shooting* Niagara to the bottom?" and, above all, "What are the possibili-

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ties, resources, impediments, conceivable methods and attemptings of its ever getting out again?" the oracle of this "Latest-Day Pamphlet" replies: "Darker subject of prophecy can be laid before no man; and, to be candid with myself, up to this date I have never seriously meditated it, far less grappled with it as a problem in any sort practical." But, "as it is not always the part of wise men and good citizens to sit silent," he makes several suggestions, one of which has a "practical" if not a practicable look:

ARISTOCRACY IN A DEMOCRACY.

"Supposing the *Commonwealth* established, and Democracy rampant, as in America, or in France by fits for seventy-odd years past, it is a favorable fact that our Aristocracy, in their essential height of position, and capability (or possibility) of doing good, are not likely at once to be interfered with; that they will be continued further on their trial, and only the question somewhat more stringently put to them, 'What *are* you good for; then? Show us, show us, or else disappear!' . . . I have sometimes thought what a thing it would be, could the Queen 'in Council' (in Parliament or wherever it were) pick out some gallant-minded, stout, well-gifted Cadet—younger son of a Duke, of an Earl, of a Queen herself; younger son doomed now to go mainly to the Devil, for absolute want of a career—and say to him, 'Young fellow, see, I have scores on scores of "colonies," all ungoverned, and nine tenths of them full of jungles, boa-constrictors, rattlesnakes, Parliamentary Eloquences, and Emancipated Niggers ripening toward nothing but

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destruction. One of these *you* shall have, you as Vice-King; on rational conditions, and *ad vitam aut culpam*, it shall be yours (and perhaps your posterity's if worthy). Go you and buckle with it, in the name of Heaven, and let us see what you will build it to.'"

Now, it is very true that the Queen had a dozen years ago, when this was written (to say nothing of an ample supply of the sons of dukes and earls), a pair of grown-up sons of her own who had shown a notable capacity for spending the liberal allowance which a grateful people had granted them, for no other reason that one can see except that they had graciously "taken the trouble to be born"; and beyond that they had shown a very decided capacity for going to the devil in all sorts of disreputable ways. But neither to our own minds, nor apparently to that of her Majesty, were these endowments precisely the ones that qualified them for being made Vice-Kings of India or Australia. Of late months, however, she has apparently called to mind this suggestion of Carlyle. She has made the husband of one of her daughters Viceroy of the Dominion of Canada; and as we write these words we have reports that her youngest son is to be made Viceroy of Ireland. Nobody hopes more sincerely than we do that the results will prove these measures to have been wise ones.

Carlyle has "lurking a considerable hope that many of our titular aristocracy will prove real

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gold when thrown into the crucible," although many of them will be "drawn, pushed, and seduced into the universal, vulgar whirlpool of parliamenteering, newspapering, novel-writing, Comte-philosophying, immortal verse-making, etc., etc." Then there is the "aristocracy of Nature, who are of two kinds: the speculative, speaking or vocal; and the practical or industrial, whose function is silent." Of the speculative class, he thinks that "for a great while yet most of them will fly off into 'literature,' into what they call art, poetry, and the like, and will mainly waste themselves in that insane region." Forty-odd years ago he had written, as we have seen, "Could ambition always choose its own path, and were will in human undertakings synonymous with faculty, all truly ambitious men would be men of letters." His present advice is: "Of 'literature,' keep well to the windward. In fifty years, I should guess, it will be a credit to declare, 'I never tried literature; believe me, I have not written anything.'" Of this speculative class of the aristocracy of Nature, Carlyle upon the whole hopes something, but not much; far less than of the silent or industrial hero. Still something grand, he thinks, may be hoped from the junction of these two kinds of aristocrats.

UNION OF THE TWO ARISTOCRACIES.

"He who is here and there recognizable as developing himself, and as an opulent and dignified kind of man,

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and is already almost an Aristocrat by class; and is by intermarriage and otherwise coming into contact with the Aristocracy by title. . . . He can not do better than unite with this naturally noble kind of Aristocrat by title: the Industrial noble and this one are brothers born; called and impelled to coöperate and go together. . . . This Practical man of genius will *not* be altogether absent from the Reformed Parliament; his *make-believe*, the vulgar millionaire, is sure to be frequent there; and along with the multitudes of *brass* guineas, it will be very salutary to have a *gold* one or two. In and out of Parliament our Practical hero will find no end of work ready for him."

We have said that this "Latest-Day Pamphlet" contains some of the best things which Carlyle has written. Notable among these are some noble paragraphs upon education in its widest sense. Of these we present, often much abridged, some pregnant sentences, which embody suggestions both practical and practicable.

TRAINING OF THE YOUNG.

"Under the wise direction of these future rulers there will be schooling and training of the young in the way that they should go, and the things that they should do. Our schools go all upon the *vocal* hitherto; no clear aim in them but to teach the young creature how he is to *speak*, to utter himself by tongue and pen, which, supposing him even to *have something to utter*, as he so very rarely has, is by no means the thing he specially wants in these our times. How he is to behave and do, that is the question for him. . . . .

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"I always fancy there might much be done in the way of military drill withal. Beyond all other schooling, and as a supplement or even as succedaneum for all other, one often wishes the entire population could be thoroughly drilled into coöperative movement, into individual behavior, correct, precise; not military drill only, but human in all its kinds; so that no child or man might miss the benefit of it. I would begin with it, in mild soft forms, so soon almost as my children were able to stand on their legs; and I would never wholly remit it till they had done with the world and me.

"This outwardly combined and plainly consociated discipline, in simultaneous movement and action, is one of the noblest capabilities of man; one he takes the greatest pleasure in unfolding, not to mention at all the invaluable benefit it would afford him if unfolded. I believe the vulgarest Cockney crowd, flung out millionfold on a Whit-Monday, with nothing but beer and dull folly to depend on for amusement, would at once kindle into something human, if you set them to do almost any regulated act in common. Here is a mine hitherto as good as never opened, worked only for the fighting purpose. Assuredly I would not neglect the fighting purpose. No, from sixteen to sixty, not a son of mine but should know the soldier's function, too, and be able to defend his native soil and self in best perfection when need came. But I should not begin with this; I should carefully end with this after careful travel in innumerable fields by the way leading to this. . . .

"These are the kind of enterprises, hypothetical as yet, but possible evidently more or less, and in all degrees of them tending toward noble benefit to one's self and to all one's fellow-creatures. . . . More of such divine pos-

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sibilities I might add: That of 'Sanitary regulation,' for example; to see the divinely appointed laws and conditions of Health at last *humanly* appointed as well; year after year more exactly ascertained, rendered valid, habitually practiced in one's own dominion; and the old adjective 'Healthy' once more becoming synonymous with 'Holy'—what a conquest there! But I forbear, feeling well enough how visionary these things *look*, and how high and spiritual they *are*; little capable of seriously tempting, even for, moments, any but the highest kinds of men."

With such brave words should have closed—indeed, save for two or three pages, does in fact close—this "Shooting Niagara: and After," the latest of Carlyle's utterances upon the high and lofty themes to the contemplation of which he had devoted almost threescore thoughtful years. They are, in a sense, his latest written words.

XIII.

HAIL AND FAREWELL.

For five years after the publication of "Shooting Niagara: and After," Carlyle preserved an almost unbroken silence; the most notable exception to this being a letter to the London "Times" at the close of 1870, upon the "Later Stage of the French-German War." The siege of Paris was

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then going on, and public opinion in England was almost wholly in favor of the French. The annexation of Alsace-Lorraine by the Germans and the want of magnanimity toward France were bitterly denounced. Carlyle affirms that the French acquisition of Alsace-Lorraine had been effected by fraud and violence, and says :

THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.

"There is no law of Nature that I know of, no Heaven's Act of Parliament, whereby France, alone of terrestrial beings, shall not restore any portion of her plundered goods when the owners they were wrenched from have an opportunity upon them. . . . No nation ever had so bad a neighbor as Germany has had in France for the last four hundred years; bad in all manner of ways—insolent, rapacious, insatiable, unappeasable, continually aggressive. Germany, after four hundred years of ill usage, and generally of ill fortune, from that neighbor, has had at last the great happiness to see its enemy fairly down in this manner. And Germany, I do clearly believe, would be a foolish nation not to think of raising up some secure boundary-fence between herself and such a neighbor, now that she has a chance. I believe it to be perfectly wise that Germany should take these countries home with her from her unexampled campaign, and by well fortifying her own old *Wasgau* ('Vosges'), *Hundsrück* ('Dog's Back'), three Bishoprics, and other military strengths, secure herself in time coming against French visits."

In 1875 Carlyle, now eighty years old, published several historical sketches of the "Early

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Kings of Norway," and a paper on "The Portraits of John Knox," which were collected into a small volume of which nothing more need be said than they do him no special credit, and would have done no special discredit to any other man. It is indeed to be regretted that he did not at some time—say after the completion of the "History of Frederick"—seriously set about writing the life of John Knox. Such a work, which for him need not have been a very laborious task, could not have failed to be worthy a place by the side of the "Speeches and Letters of Oliver Cromwell," and would have been a fitting close to his career as a "Writer of Books." Lacking this, we must content ourselves with a few noble paragraphs upon the great Scottish Reformer, extracts from the lectures upon "Heroes and Hero-Worship." They show Carlyle at his best:

JOHN KNOX.

"Our primary characteristic of a Hero, that he is sincere, applies emphatically to Knox. It is not denied anywhere that this, whatever might be his other qualities or faults, is among the truest of men. With a sincere instinct he holds to the truth and fact; the truth alone is there for him, the rest a mere shadow and deceptive nonentity. However feeble, forlorn the reality may seem, on that and that only can he take his stand.

"In the galleys of the River Loire, whither Knox and others, after their Castle of St. Andrew's was taken, had been sent as Galley-slaves,—some officer or priest, one

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day presented them an Image of the Virgin Mother, requiring that they, the blasphemous heretics, should do it reverence.—Mother? Mother of God? said Knox, when the turn came to him; this is no Mother of God: this is 'a *pented bredd*,'—a piece of wood, I tell you, with paint on it! She is fitter for swimming, I think, than for being worshipped, added Knox: and flung the thing into the river. It was not very cheap jesting there: but come of it what might, this thing to Knox was and must continue nothing other than the real truth: it was a *pented bredd:* worship it he would not.

"He told his fellow-prisoners, in this darkest time, to be of courage; the Cause they had was the true one, and must and would prosper; the whole world could not put it down. Reality is of God's making; it is alone strong. How many *pented bredds*, pretending to be real, are fitter to swim than to be worshipped! This Knox cannot live but by fact: he clings to reality as the shipwrecked sailor to the cliff. He is an instance to us how a man, by sincerity itself, becomes heroic: it is the grand gift he has.

"We find in Knox a good honest intellectual talent, no transcendent one; a narrow inconsiderable man, as compared to Luther: but in heartfelt instructive adherence to truth, in *sincerity*, as we say, he has no superior; nay, one might say, What equal has he? The heart of him is of the true prophet cast. 'He lies there,' said the Earl of Morton at his grave, 'who never feared the face of man.' He resembles more than any other of the moderns, an Old-Hebrew Prophet. The same inflexibility, intolerance, rigid narrow-looking adherence to God's truth, stern rebuke in the name of God to all that forsake truth: an Old-Hebrew Prophet in the guise of an Edinburgh Min-

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ister of the Sixteenth Century. We are to take him for that; not require him to be other."

And yet the man who could write this, and very much more to the same purport, could devote fifteen of what should have been the ripest years of his life not merely to describing or even apologizing for, but to eulogizing, that Frederick who of all men, if human being ever fell so low, "neither feared God nor regarded man": could deliberately write down and send out to the world these inhuman, ungodly, and sneering utterances which we have cited from "The Nigger Question."

We think that it is not too early to assign to Thomas Carlyle his true place as a man and an author. In him, indeed, the two are one: the Books are not merely the exponents of the man: they are the Man himself. We suppose few men were ever more free from positive blame. But he seems to have considered that his sole work in life was to do nothing save to exhort everybody else to be up and doing something; and latterly to exhort everybody else to stop exhorting anybody to do anything. He has completed his orbit: we know its perihelion and its aphelion, and can lay down all the curves of the ellipse. It is a tolerably large one; coming nearer to the Sun than Mercury does, and going farther from it than Uranus does. His endowments, natural and acquired, were high, but not very broad; his being was in-

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tensive, but not very extensive. The very concentration of his nature, which in a manner precluded him from taking a large view of any subject, intensified the perceptions which he did acquire. Stand where one may, the crown of the heavenly dome is right over his head, the center of the bottomless pit right under his feet. He is always in the center of the universe. So it is of space; so in time was it to Carlyle. The era which was the present one to him was the great era of the world. The thing of which he at any moment happened to be thinking was the one only thing worth thinking about; and, despite his objurgations to others, he was ever ready, by tongue and pen, to give utterance to the thought of the moment. If, as was often the case, that thought was a noble one, no utterances were nobler than his; if, as was not unfrequently the case, that thought was not a noble one, few utterances were less noble.

To Carlyle as a historian we have freely accorded a place among the highest. His peculiar excellences in this character arose in no small degree from the very concentration and comparative narrowness of his nature. What he really saw, he saw so distinctly that he could not fail to make others see it; he fails only when he thought he saw what was not to be seen. The same qualities of mind which made him a great historian made him the best biographical critic who has written

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in our language. His best papers in this department are indisputably our best, unless, indeed, one should hold that half a dozen of Macaulay's best are equal to as many of the best of Carlyle. But we think it certain that if any one were to compile half a dozen volumes of the best critical essays in all our literature, two of them would be made up from Carlyle. Certain it is that no other writer of English prose has produced so many striking isolated passages which may be quoted apart from their context.

But this intensity and onesidedness gave form and color to everything which he essayed in the domain of ethical and political disquisition. The one view which he was taking was the only one which could be taken. He saw that Weakness was an evil; and so deified absolute Force. He saw that Loquacity was a vice; and so Silence was the highest virtue. He saw that Democracy was not a perfect form of government, and could find no safety but in Despotism.

This onesidedness led him into manifold inconsistencies. In one of the poor passages of "Sartor Resartus" he styles George Fox's making himself a perennial suit of leather the great fact of modern history; and his resolving to trust for food to wild berries made him the greatest of modern men; while in "The Nigger Question" he pours out his contemptuous wrath upon West Indian Quashee because he is content to live on

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"pumpkins," and will work only the half-hour a day required to procure them. In one mood he says: "Our American cousins have begotten, with a rapidity beyond example, eighteen millions of the greatest bores ever seen in the world before"; in another mood he styles the "English and Americans the finest nations of the world."

In fine: Leaving out of view his unquestionable merits as a historian and a biographer, and giving all due weight to the innumerable detached ideas of the highest import scattered profusely even through the least worthy as well as the worthiest of his books, it must be said that as a guide to conduct one through the mazes of speculation and inquiry there could hardly be a poorer one than Carlyle. His place is that of a stimulator to thought, rather than a leader of it. He has taught us *multa*, not *multum*—Very Many things, but not Much.

THE END.

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